DEUS NOBISCUM.

A

SERMON

Preached upon

A Great Deliverance at SEA:

With the *NARRATIVE* of the Dangers and Deliverances.

With the Name of the Master and those that suffered:

Together with the name of the Ship and Owners.

By *William Johnson*, Dr of Divinity; Chaplain and Sub-Almoner to His SACRED MAJESTY.

PSAL. 40. 2, 3.

He brought me out of the horrible pit, out of the mire and clay: and set my feet upon the rock, and ordered my goings. And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even a thanksgiving unto our God.

The second Edition, Corrected and Enlarg'd.

London: Printed for *John Crook*, at the Ship in S. *Pauls* Church-yard. 1664.

IMPRIMATUR,

Joh. Hall. R. P. D. *Humfredo Epiſc. Lond. à Sac. Domeſt.*

Jan. 9. 1663.

TO THE

Honourable Society of the Eaſt-Country Merchants reſident in *England*, *Dantzick*, *Koningſberg*, and elſewhere.

Worthy Friends,

I Am led to honour your Society, not by the haſty choice and election of the Will, which oftentimes is tranſported with paſ-

ſion, and loves without any merit; but by the rational and underſtanding part, which hath a long time perfectly known and underſtood your many excellencies, that I cannot chuſe but love and honour your Society. Neither are you beholding to any for the reſpect they give, or rather pay you, but to your own merit, to which it is due. You are not like Solomon's *Merchants, thoſe I mean that brought over Apes and Peacocks; but you furniſh this Iſland with ſuch ſtaple Commodities, that ye have made* London *as famous as that City of* Tyre, *that* crowning City,

City, whoſe Merchants are Princes, and whoſe Traffickers are the honourable of the Earth. *There is as much difference between the trade of thoſe worthy Merchants that furniſh us with Spices, Plums and Taffaties, and our Eaſt-country trade that brings us in Maſts, materials for Cordage, and neceſſaries for Shipping, as there is in Religion between Ceremonies and Fundamentals. Spices and ſuch things are pretty Ornaments and Ceremonial ſupplements to our well-being: But our Eaſt-Country Commodities are thoſe which do conſtitute the Being, and lay the foundati-*

on of a rich and flouriſhing Commonwealth. And without them, if not the Art, yet the practice of Navigation would be loſt among us. For we cannot ſail to the Indies *in a Nutmeg, embarque our ſelves in Cinnamon, make a Maſt of a Race of Ginger, and wing our Ships with Taffaty. No, it is our Eaſt-Country Trade that doth furniſh us with theſe abſolute neceſſaries for Navigation, and is indeed the very principle and foundation of all Merchandize, and like a maſter-wheel in a Watch, ſets all other on work. So that what goods are brought into this Nati-*

Nation, may be ſaid principally and primarily to be imported by your aid and aſſiſtance, though fetch'd hither by the hands of others.

This is a general good, and obligeth every one to honour you: But I have an Argument of an higher nature, which doth diſpute and convince my affections into an high eſteem and reputation of your Society.

Your Company in Pruſſia *were the firſt that call'd me to the exerciſe of my Miniſterial function, being the firſt charge that ever I undertook to preach to: And had I not been forc'd to come into* Eng-

land *by an Obligation which I could not in conſcience break, I had rather have parted with my Life then them: for they were, as the Apoſtle writes to the Philippians*, my hope, my joy, and crown of rejoycing in the Lord Jeſus.

That I had a deſire again to come unto them, witneſs thoſe many ſufferings, loſſes, ſhipwracks, fears, ſtreights, dangers, deaths that I did undergo in that ſecond adventure; and for the Love I bear them, am willing to repeat them over again, not in words only, but in real ſufferings, ſo I might be any way ſerviceable for the good and ſalvation of their Souls. But

But ſome will ſay to me, Why would you venture to Sea again, ſeeing you have ſo often found the Ship unſafe, the Mariners fearful, the Winds treacherous, and the waves rebellious?

I anſwer, If God call me to it, I ſhall not fear the frowns of Neptune, *nor the crooked face of an angry tempeſt. It was a brave Spirit of that Roman, who being to undergo a dangerous Voyage at Sea for the Service of his Country, being diſſwaded from it, made this anſwer,* πλεῖν ἀνάγκη, ζῆν οὐκ ἀνάγκη, It is neceſſary *for me* to ſail, *but* it is not neceſſary *for me* to live.

live. *And it was a noble and vertuous reſolution in another, who ſaid, if he were commanded to put forth to Sea in a Ship that neither had Maſts nor Tackling, he would do it; and being ask'd what wiſdom that was, replied----* The wiſdom muſt be in him that hath power to command, not in him whoſe conſcience binds to obey. *When the ſervice of God calls us to hazard our lives, why ſhould we not be willing to ſacrifice them?* Quid revolvis? Deus præcipit, *ſaith* Tertullian. *If Chriſt ſhould call me to Sea again, why ſhould I be more afraid to go aboard*

aboard a ſtately ſhip, then S. Peter *was to walk upon the very waves, when Chriſt call'd him to come to him?*

But ſeeing God would not let me go to Tarſus, *but ſent me back in an angry and furious tempeſt, and made me a Preacher of repentance in this place, I ſhall ſerve you in my devotions, and, as the Apoſtle ſaies*, make mention always of you in my prayers, *that ye may be like that wiſe Merchant in the Goſpel, who* when he had found one Pearl of great Value, ſold all and bought that Pearl, which was the Kingdom of Heaven.

The

The firſt that ſought after Chriſt, and (when they had found him) preſented him with gifts, were the Wiſe men that came from the Eaſt. They preſented to him Gold, Frankincenſe, and Myrrhe: I ſhould be glad it might be ſaid ſo of you, that go to and from the Eaſt. I wiſh with all my heart, that ye would firſt ſeek after Chriſt Jeſus, and when ye have found him out, being guided to him by the ſtar of your Faith, that then ye offer up to him the ſacrifice of a cheerful obedience, in a true and faithful Service of him; and that will be as ſweet and as acceptable to our Saviour,

as the gifts of thoſe Chaldean or Arabian Aſtronomers, their Gold, Frankincenſe and Myrrhe, or all the riches of the Eaſt.

So prayeth,

Sirs,

Your poor Oratour, and humble Servant,

Will. Johnſon.

From my ſtudy in *Warbois* *April* 6. 1659.

A SERMON

Preached

Upon a *great Deliverance* at SEA.

Pſal. 91. 15.

Yea I am with him in trouble, I will deliver him and bring him to Honour. Or,
I will be with him in trouble, I will deliver him and honour him.

THis Pſalm is a Pſalm of Conſolation, of heavenly Conſolation, which is above the joys and felicities of this world. For Spiritual joy, like

like a precious Jewel ſet in the midſt, out-ſhines all temporal comforts and worldly bleſſings. In the whole ſphere of *David*'s Pſalmes there ſhines not a brighter Star of Conſolation. One calls it a Pſalm of aſſurance to thoſe that truſt in God: neither can there be a greater Cordial in grace then the aſſurance of Gods love. It is like the bleſſing of a good Conſcience, a perpetual Feaſt, an abiding Comfort, a dwelling Conſolation. *Beza* confeſſeth, that when he had left his own Countrey, and all that he had, one and thirty years, that he might more freely ſerve *Jeſus Chriſt*; it came to paſs the firſt time he entred into the publick aſſembly, that the company did ſing this Pſalm: by the ſinging whereof, as though he had heard God calling him in particular, he felt himſelf ſo com-

comforted, that he kept it ever after engraven in his heart. The Soul of man, if it be well ſanctified, might take as much pleaſure in reading this Pſalm, as *Adam* did in walking in Paradiſe, even in the ſtate of his Innocency, when the garden was in her prime and perfection, in all her greens and ſweetneſs. For the beds of new-blown Roſes, and banks of morning Violets, hills of Frankincenſe, and mountains of Camphire, cannot be ſweeter to our ſenſe, then this Pſalm is to the Soul of an afflicted child of God. I do confeſs, I do love to read it, as an hungry man loves to eat his meat; for beſide the nouriſhment and food I receive from it, my Soul is ſatisfied and raviſhed with divine pleaſure. For as it is a great Cordial, ſo it is given us in a cup of Gold, and this bleſſed foun-

tain of Conſolation runs to us in Silver ſtreams of divine Eloquence. *Mollerus* calls it *Pulcherrimum exemplar Eloquentiæ*, a *beautiful picture* and *pattern of* divine *Eloquence*. Look over the whole Pſalm, and you ſhall find it every where enrich'd with ſweet Allegories, and adorned with delicious Metaphors, which the holy Spirit uſeth, to preſent the dearneſs and love of God to his afflicted Children, that they might be not only comforted, but delighted with his ſweetneſs, and enamour'd with his goodneſs. How moſt elegantly is Gods care of the ſafety of his children preſented to us in divine Rhetorick, verſe 4. *He ſhall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings thou ſhalt truſt?* The very ſame Allegory doth our Bleſſed Saviour ſanctifie with his own lips, when he bewails the

pre-

preſent ſin, and the approaching ruine of *Jeruſalem*: *O Jeruſalem, Jeruſalem, thou that killeſt the Prophets, and ſtoneſt them that are ſent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as an hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but ye would not?* The greateſt Emblem of love and ſafety in all Nature. And as if this had not been kindneſs enough, God further promiſeth, verſ. 11. that he will ſend his own royal guard, the Militia of Heaven, his holy and glorious Angels, to be our Guardians, *He ſhall give his Angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy waies; they ſhall bear thee up in their hands, leſt thou daſh thy foot againſt a ſtone.* Even as a tender Mother hath a care of her Sucking child, or as a Nurſe cheriſheth her Children. And as if that had been too little, he Luk. 13. 34.

himſelf will be with them not in their high eſtate only, but in their meaneſt condition. *I will be with him in trouble, I will deliver him and honour him.*

My Text conſiſts of two parts:

1. The Eſtate and Condition of Gods Children on Earth, which is a troubled and afflicted Condition; they are *in troubles.*

2. God's care and love to his Children in that condition, expreſſed by a threefold promiſe.

Firſt, there is *Promiſſum præſentiæ, a promiſe of his preſence, I will be with him,* and according to the old Tranſlation ſet down in the preſent tenſe, *yea I am with him in trouble*; as God's promiſes are often in the Scripture, to ſhew both the ſpeed and certainty of the things promiſed.

Secondly, *Promiſſum liberationis, a promiſe of deliverance*; *I will deliver him.* Thirdly,

Thirdly, *Promiſſum recompenſationis*, *a promiſe of reward and recompence*; *I will honour him.* And what can an afflicted ſoul deſire more in his troubles then the Preſence of God to comfort him, the Power of God to deliver him, and the Goodneſs of God to recompenſe him? Who would not be miſerable on ſuch conditions, and afflicted on ſuch promiſes?

Firſt, of the State and Condition of Gods Children here upon earth, which is a troubled ſtate, an afflicted condition. *Few and evil have the days of my life been*, ſaith good old *Jacob*, and yet he was the choſen and beloved child of God. *Jacob have I loved*, ſaith God, *but Eſau have I hated*; and yet this choſen one, and precious veſſel of Election, was filled up to the brim with the very gall and bitterneſs of af-

Gen. 47.

Rom. 9. 15.

fliction. He was ſequeſtred from all the comforts of this life, baniſh'd from his own houſe and home, forc'd to flee from the knees of his aged and dying Father, and likewiſe from the boſome of his beloved Mother, hated of his Brother *Eſau*, going on Pilgrimage with his Staff and Scrip only; ſometimes the cold Earth was his bed, a Stone his
Gen. 28. pillow; and after all this (which
12. was before it in bitterneſs) he was forced, for a meer livelihood, and ſuſtenance, to ſerve an Idolater in a ſtrange land many years. Nothing ſure can be more grievous to a true Child of God.

And as we have ſeen this in *Jacob*, in his perſon, ſo we may behold it in his Poſterity; for even the Sons of *Jacob* poſſeſs'd their Father's ſorrow as well as his ſubſtance, and were Inheritors of

of both. But to tell you of all their troubles and afflictions, were to lead you in a wilderneſs. And yet theſe people were God's own people, his *portion* and *the lot of his inheritance*, his *anointed and chief treaſure*, and as the Prophet *Zechary* calls them, *the friends of God*. There were no people dwelt ſo near, and in the very boſome of God, as theſe people; and yet no people felt ſo much the hand of God, not in embraces, but chaſtiſements.

Zech. 2. 8.

But you will ſay, this was in the time of the Law, in the time of the Goſpel we ſhall ſee better days: when *the day doth ſpring from on high and viſit us*, then ſure we ſhall all be clothed with the beams of that *Sun of righteouſneſs*, and ſhall ſhine in the bright garments of joy and gladneſs. No, in reſpect of temporal bleſſings it will be far worſe with

God's children then in the time of the Law. Then they ſhall meet with days black and dark as death it ſelf: for, as one ſays ingeniouſly, *Proſperity is the bleſſing of the Old Teſtament, Adverſity the bleſſing of the New.* In the time of the Law the rewards of faith and obedience were wealth and worldly proſperity; then God ſaid to *Moſes*, *I will make of thee a great Nation.* But in the Goſpel our Saviour ſays, *My flock*, it is a *little* one. Again, in the time of the Law God bleſſed faithful *Abraham* with a promiſe of plenty and abundance, *All the land thou ſeeſt to thee will I give it, and to thy ſeed for ever.* But now the bleſſings of the Goſpel are quite of another complexion, *Bleſſed are you when you ſhall be perſecuted for righteouſneſs ſake:* And again, at the 11. verſe, *Bleſſed are you when men ſhall revile*

Gen. 13. 15.

Mat. 5. 10.

vile you, and perſecute you, and ſhall ſay all manner of evil of you for my names ſake. Theſe are the bleſſings of the Goſpel: Perſecution is the Enſign of Chriſtianity: The Croſs in a Field of Bloud are the Arms of Chriſt, and Afflictions are the Sables that belong to his Coat.

When our Saviour Chriſt went out of the World he left his Diſciples this Legacy in his laſt Will and Teſtament, *In the world ye ſhall have Tribulation.* Joh. 16. 33. This was all the Legacy our Saviour left his Diſciples, he had nothing elſe to leave them: for *Joſeph* of *Arimathea* had begged his Body, his Spirit he had commended into the hands of God his Father, and the Souldiers caſt lots for his Garments; and what then could our Saviour leave them? Yet, he left them a Royal Legacy, for he left them a Crown,—

Crown,—but it was of Thorns; he left them a Scepter,—but it was of Reed; he left them a purple Robe,—but it was of Deriſion; he left them likewiſe the rich embroydery of his ſcourged Fleſh, the marks and wounds of his crucified Body. This was our Saviour's Legacy, this was his Livery; and S. *Paul* ſeems to wear it daily; *I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jeſus.* This was the ſtate of the Church in the time of the Goſpel; for the Spouſe of Chriſt is black, though comely. God will have it ſo for theſe reaſons.

Gal. 6. 17.

1. To withdraw his Children from the love of the World. It is in our very nature to love the World: *Adam* is more ſeen in our Covetouſneſs then in our Concupiſcence. There is a kind of Magick in the things of this life, that doth ſo enchant the hearts

hearts of God's deareſt Children, that they cannot draw their affections from them. *Lot* was a righteous Perſon, and yet he had no mind to part from his wealth, and beloved *Sodom*: and his Wife, though ſhe went out with him, yet ſhe left her ſelf behind; ſhe went with her feet only, not with her affections, and therefore ſhe could not (for her life) but ſhe muſt look back upon *Sodom*, though in flames, and ſhe look'd back till ſhe could look no more. The World is our *Dinah*, to which our ſoul ſo cleaveth, that we are content to part with our Rights and Priviledges, with our Religion, and would be circumciſed, if we might but enjoy this our *Dinah*, our new-got wealth and honour in peace. But God will not have his Children live in peace in this World, that they may long for

for a better; a better World, and a better Peace. Should we always swim in worldly pleasures, and meet with no storms and tempests in this our vast Ocean of Prosperity, we should say with S. *Peter*, *It is good for us to be here, let us build us Tabernacles*, and so think to live here for ever. But God will have it otherwise; and therefore he keeps his Children in this World in a vale of tears, and often leads them through Aceldama, *a field of bloud* and persecution, that, with *Jacob*, they may long for their Father's house, and say with S. *Paul*, *I desire to depart and to be with Christ*.

Mat. 17. 4.

Phil 1. 13.

2. God will have his Children in a troubled condition, not only to make them long for the Kingdom of Glory, but to keep them in the Kingdom of Grace. The Valleys are more fruitful then

then the Hills; and the loweſt eſtate of a Child of God doth more abound with grace and goodneſs then the higheſt Mountain of their Proſperity. The Prophet *David* ſayes of God's own People, *Cum occideret eos*, *When he ſlew them, then they ſought him early.* Strange! that they muſt be ſlain before they ſeek. God is a gracious God, and would lead us unto himſelf by the hand, but we will not go without a Rod. A ſtrange dulneſs, or rather perverſeneſs in our nature, that we muſt be whipt into our own happineſs, and beaten into heaven. I find it likewiſe thus with Chriſt's own Diſciples in the Goſpel: the firſt time they call'd upon him was in a ſtorm at Sea (that School of prayer) when the Ship was cover'd with waves, καλυπτεσθαι, *hidden* in the Sea. Then they were

Pſal. 78. 34.

as

Mat. 8. 25. as loud as the Wind, and as high as the Tempeſt in their devotion, *Maſter, ſave us, we periſh.* And I obſerve in the Goſpel, after our Saviour began to ſhew himſelf unto the World in the Office of his Miniſtery, the firſt that came to him were the Blind, the Lame, and the Diſeaſed. Is it not ſtrange, that the Blind ſhould find the way to Chriſt? and that the Lame ſhould firſt come to him? and that the Sick ſhould crawl out of their Beds to him? nay more, bring their Beds with them? Which made our Saviour ſay ſometimes to the

Mar. 2. 9. ſick, *Take up thy Bed and walk*, It was the affliction of the Body that brought them firſt to Chriſt, who, when they came, cured both Body and Soul. For he never cured any that came to him of the Diſeaſes of their Bodies, but he forgave them their Sins,

and

and ſo heal'd their Souls. *Thy ſins are forgiven thee*, was the very Phyſick that cur'd the man ſick of the Palſey. It is a Salve that cures all Diſeaſes. Lord, forgive me my ſins, and then I am ſure I ſhall be whole. So then, if by the infirmities of their Bodies theſe men gain'd the ſalvation of their Souls, was it not happy for that man that he was born blind? good for that man that he was lame? and health for that man that he was ſick? Beloved, we do not know when we are well; we are moſt happy when we think our ſelves miſerable, *rich* when we are *poor*, like the Church of *Smyrna*, and *bleſſed* when we *mourn*, If nothing but poverty will bring us unto Chriſt, who would not willingly be as poor as *Job*? If nothing but the pains of the body would bring us unto our Saviour, who would Mat. 5.

would not be content to be rack'd with the Gout, and grownd in pieces with the Stone? If ſickneſs alone would ſave my Soul, let me be *ſick*, as *Hezekiah* was, even *unto death*, ſo I may gain eternal life. Who would not go to heaven, though in a fiery chariot of a burning Fever?

Uſe 1. Seeing then afflictions are ſuch powerful means to draw us unto Chriſt, whatſoever God ſhall lay upon us of this ſad Nature, let us bear it *æquo animo*, *with a quiet* and *even mind*. But that is not enough; we muſt undergo it *lætо animo*, *with a joyful Spirit*; ſuch a ſpirit as S. *Paul* had, who rejoyc'd in his bonds, and ſang in priſon, and which is above the common Paſſions of men, being inflam'd with an holy and divine Ambition, 2 *Cor.* 11. we ſhall find him triumphing

ing in his ſufferings, glorying in his infirmities, and exalting himſelf in his abaſement. Even as *Hezekiah* in the pride of his heart ſhewed to the Babyloniſh Ambaſſadours the *houſe of his precious things, his gold and his precious ointments, and the houſe of his treaſure:* in the ſame manner, but more holy, with the ſame paſſion of mind, but better ſanctifi'd, doth S. *Paul*, in the ſame Chapter, ſhew unto the world the rich treaſure of his ſufferings, his frequent perils, his hunger, his cold, his bonds, his impriſonments, his whips, his ſcourges, his ſhipwracks, his nakedneſs. Theſe were Saint *Paul*'s riches, theſe were his precious things: His bonds were dearer to him then the golden chains of *Hezekiah*, his priſon of higher price in his eſteem then the houſe of his treaſure, and his naked-

neſs of more value with the Apoſtle then all the wardrobe of the King of *Judah*. For ye may perceive, in this Chapter, he counts up his ſufferings, as a rich man counts up his Eſtate and Subſtance. So much, ſaith the Merchant, I have at Sea, ſo much in the City, ſo much in City, ſo much in the Country. So doth the Apoſtle reckon up his ſufferings; *In perils at Sea, in perils in the City, in perils in the wilderneſs.* This was Saint *Paul*'s ſtock, this was his wealth and treaſure. So that this Chapter ſeems to me to be the rich Inventory and Sum of S. *Paul*'s ſufferings. Thus I have ſhewn you with what chearfulneſs the Apoſtle did embrace the afflictions of this life. But we muſt go a ſtep higher; not only to welcome theſe good Angels, (for ſo I think I may call our afflictions, for they

are

are ſent to us for our good) but we muſt entertain them *grato animo*, not only *with a joyful*, but *a thankful ſpirit*. For ſeeing they are ſuch happy opportunities of grace, let us give God thanks that he hath afflicted us, and praiſe his name that he hath made us miſerable, and let us magnifie his goodneſs, that in theſe days he hath ſlain us, and ſhed our blood. Thus we find holy *Job* praiſing God upon a dunghill, where he was left as naked as he came out of his Mothers womb; *The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, bleſſed be the name of the Lord.* This was *Job*'s grace, and thanks for his afflictions: And I think I may call it grace after meat, for all was taken away. Every one can ſay grace before meat; whilſt we behold God's bleſſings with our eyes, our tongue cannot

Job 1. 21.

chuſe but praiſe his name. *Job*'s Wife could ſay the former part of the grace, *The Lord giveth, bleſſed be the name of the Lord*; but when all was taken away, it was, *Curſe God, and die.* But a true child of God gives God thanks for afflictions as well as for bleſſings, and praiſeth his name for both.

And ſo I have done with the firſt part of my Text, *the ſtate of Gods children here upon Earth.* I come now unto the ſecond, *Gods care of his children in that condition*, expreſt by a threefold promiſe: and firſt, *Promiſſum præſentiæ*, a promiſe of his preſence, *I will be*, or, *I am with him in trouble.*

But is not the Lord every where? *Whither ſhall I go from thy Spirit*, ſaith *David*, *or whither ſhall I flee from thy preſence?* God indeed is every where, not only

only *ubique*, but *primò ubique*, as the School calls it, chiefly and moſt properly, not in part and in parcels, as accidents dwell in their ſubjects, but wholly and according to himſelf, who is indiviſible and infinite in his own nature and eſſence: and this Divines call *præſentia ſecundùm eſſentiam*, *the eſſential preſence of God*, by which he is in all things that were created by him, even the meaneſt and moſt vile of his creatures; and yet no way contaminated or defiled by their vileneſs or uncleanneſs: for he is in them, not as any part of their eſſence, *ſed ut cauſa eſſendi*, *as the very cauſe and principle of their being and eſſence*, giving ſubſiſtence unto them, without which they could be nothing. But this is the general preſence of God: But there is a more ſpecial preſence of God. There is——

First, *præsentia gloriæ, the glorious presence* of God, and that's in heaven, where God sits upon his throne, enamell'd with the Souls of the blessed, and wall'd about with glorious Angels. Not that God is more in Heaven then upon Earth according to his divine Essence, but by fuller manifestation of his power, and by greater dispensations of glory.

Secondly, there is *præsentia gratiæ, the gracious presence* of God, and so he is upon Earth with the Sons of men. And that, two ways.

First, By his internal affection, and that was eternal; and so he was with us before we were, and was present when we were not; before we had any Being he loved us. For he had
Ephes. 1. 4. *chosen us in him*, that is, in Jesus Christ, *before the foundation of the world*; now there is nothing

ties

ties us so close together as love. It is said of *Jonathan* and *David*, that *their hearts were knit together*, because they did burn in mutual flames of love and affection, so that they seemed to have but one heart and one soul, and they both one man: and this is *præsentia amoris*, the presence of his eternal Love.

But, secondly, he is with us by a temporal manifestation of that Love, and that three ways:

1. By a real assumption of our nature unto himself, in the mystery of his Incarnation, he is so with us as he is become one with us, *bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh.* Joh. 1. 14. *The word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.* Even as a Bride and Bridegroom are one, man and wife; so Christ and his Saints are one: for our nature in this union was married unto Christ, who is

both God and man : even as before by the creation, Heaven and earth were married in man, and therefore by *Lactantius* called *Societas cœli & terræ, the Society and fellowſhip of heaven and earth*; ſo by a neerer tye in our redemption, Heaven and Earth, Divinity and Humanity, God and Man, are joyned together : ſo he may well be named, as the *Prophet Iſaiah* foretels, *EMANUEL, God with us.*

Secondly, he is with us by a ſpiritual union of himſelf to us. And this was viſible when the holy Ghoſt deſcended on his Diſciples in cloven tongues, like as of fire, and ſate upon them on the day of Pentecoſt. Chriſt took upon him our Nature, to make himſelf one with us, and then he gave us his Spirit, which is his Nature to make us one with him. In reſpect of this ſpiritual union

union, Chriſt compares himſelf to a Vine, and we are his branches; to the Church, whereof he is the head, and we are his members: ſo that he is one with us, and we are one with him.

And laſtly, He is with us in our troubles by a more particular indulgence of his ſpecial favour, he is ſo with us as to ſuffer with us; a fellow-ſufferer in our afflictions, and makes himſelf a party in our troubles, and puts his ſhoulder unto the ſad burden of our ſorrows. And this is the common interpretation of the words. But we muſt not underſtand it by any actual ſuffering; for that is beyond the capacity of the Divine nature. The Godhead cannot ſuffer. But he is a fellow-ſufferer with us in our troubles.

1. Either by his Pity which he hath of us, which is an excellent

cellent vertue, but carries this unhappineſs along with it, that it makes other men's miſeries our own; therefore it is commonly called *Compaſſion*, and they are uſually joyn'd together, *Pity* and *Compaſſion*.

2. Or, elſe, God may be ſaid to be a fellow-ſufferer with us, by a kind and loving imputation of the afflictions of his children unto himſelf. For he is ſo ſenſible of any evil or miſery done unto his Saints, that he accounts them done unto himſelf: *He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of his eye*; ſo tender is God of his own children. But this is more plainly ſet down in the 9. Chap. of the *Acts of the Apoſtles*, verſes 4, and 5. *Saul, Saul, why perſecuteſt thou me? And he ſaid, Who art thou, Lord? And the Lord ſaid, I am Jeſus whom thou perſecuteſt.* Why, *Saul* did not perſecute

Zach. 2. 8.

ſecute Chriſt, our Saviour; no, but he perſecuted the Saints, and that was all one as to perſecute Chriſt. *Saul* did not pierce our Saviour's ſide with a ſpear, ſo that from thence iſſued out water and blood; no, but he ſhed the blood of God's deareſt children, and that was to pierce our Saviours ſide, and to fetch water from his eyes, and blood from his heart. *Saul* did not ſpit in the face of our Saviour; no, but he *breathed out threatnings and ſlaughters againſt the Diſciples of the Lord*, and that was to ſpit in the face of Chriſt. *Saul* did not rob our Saviour of his robes, nor was he one of thoſe that caſt lots for his garments, neither was he conſenting unto his death; no, but when *the blood of his Martyr* S. *Stephen* was ſhed, as himſelf confeſſeth, he *alſo was ſtanding by and conſenting unto his death*, and

and he kept the raiment of them that ſlew him; and that was as grievous unto Chriſt, as if he had taken his own garments from him, and had been conſenting unto his death. For what is done unto his ſervants, he accounts done unto himſelf. *Whatſoever ye do unto the leaſt of theſe,* Mat. 25. *ye do it unto me*, ſaith our Saviour. He feels the blows that are ſtruck at our heads, and he is ſenſible of the ſmart of our courges; our wounds make him to bleed, our reſtraint is his impriſonment, and our chains are his bonds. Thus God is become our fellow-ſufferer. O how happy are we, even in our miſery, to have God to bear a part with us, and to be as ſenſible of our ſorrows as if they were his own? They ſay there is ſome comfort

——*Socios habuiſſe doloris,*

to have ſome companions in ſorrow;

row; but that is but a natural Comfort, heatheniſh and pagan conſolation, and can no ways rejoyce the ſpirit of a Chriſtian, who would have no body to ſuffer with him or for him. A good Chriſtian would be unhappy by himſelf, and miſerable alone. But yet to have God our fellow-ſufferer with us is comfortable Divinity, *Solidum gaudium*, as the Poet ſpeaks, and comfort in which there is ſome bulk and ſubſtance. —*For if God be with us, who dare be againſt us?* if the Creator be on our ſide, ſure the Creatures cannot hurt us. The Devils tremble at his preſence, and every creature loſeth its enmity, ſting, and power of hurting us. Thus the fire, that inſatiable and devouring Element, loſt its nature when *Shadrach*, *Meſhach*, and *Abednego* were caſt into the fiery fornace.

The

The fire which ſlew their enemies that caſt them in, hurt not them, but like wanton flames courted them with amorous embraces, as if they had been flames of love. Not ſo much as *an hair of their head was ſinged, neither were their coats changed, nor the ſmell of fire paſſed on them*; And the reaſon was, God was with them. *I ſee four men looſe walking in the midſt of the fire, and have no harm*, and *the form of the fourth is like the Son of God*, ver. 29. Again, water is *Barbarum Elementum*, as *Cato* calls it; yet it could do nothing againſt the Diſciples of Chriſt whilſt he was with them. *The winds began to blow, and the waves aroſe, even ſo much that they covered the Ship*; But when they ſaw Chriſt was there, and heard his voyce, for *he rebuked them*, the winds became dumb, and the obedient waves

Dan. 3. 27.

Mat. 8. 25.

waves bowed themſelves in a calm.

Let this ſerve for an *Uſe of conſolation* to God's Children, that he is preſent with them in their troubles, nothing can hurt them. The very Heathens thought themſelves ſafe if they carried their Gods along with them in their journeys: Therefore *Æneas* ſaid to his Father,

Tu, Genitor, cape ſacra manu, patriósque Penates.

And *Rachel*, when ſhe went away from *Padan-Aram*, ſtole along with her her Father's gods. Shall theſe gather ſuch comfort to themſelves from the ſuppoſed preſence of their gods, gods which indeed are no gods, wooden gods (I may ſay) and timber Deities; and ſhall not we rejoyce and be glad, even in our Sorrows, when we remember that the God of Heaven and Earth is with

with us? *I am with him in trouble.* If God be with us, what need we fear what man can do unto us? *Nemo te lædat niſi qui Deum vincat*, ſaith holy *Anſelm*, *None can hurt us unleſs they can firſt conquer God*, overcome Omnipotency, and ſlay Immortality, lead the Almighty Captive, and confound all the Hoſt of Heaven, a thouſand, yea thouſands of Angels. For if our eyes were opened in our troubles, as God opened the eyes of *Eliſha*'s ſervant, we ſhould ſee *horſes and chariots of fire*, even *more with us then thoſe againſt us*; for God is with us.

I am with him in trouble.

2. And ſo I paſs from the firſt part of the Promiſe to the ſecond, which is *Promiſſum liberationis*, *a promiſe of deliverance*; *I will deliver him.*

God's preſence is a great bleſſing,

ſing but can we not enjoy him but in a troubled condition? Can we not taſte of the happineſs of his preſence without the ſowre ſauce of affliction? The ſweeteſt things loſe their pleaſantneſs whilſt they are mixed with bitterneſs. God fed the People of *Iſrael* with Manna, which was pleaſant food; but it was in the Wilderneſs, and that was the leaven which ſowred it. God to be with us, is an happineſs beyond our merit; but to enjoy him only in troubles, renders even the gracious preſence of God leſs acceptable to our ſenſe and natural affections. God therefore, who knows we are but fleſh and bloud, ſtrengthens our weakneſs with a ſecond promiſe of deliverance; *I am with him in trouble, and I will deliver him.*

This deliverance is the effect

of his preſence, and the very work of his pity and compaſſion. For when I told you but now, that God had ſuch pity and compaſſion upon his afflicted Children, as to be, and ſuffer, with them, we muſt not underſtand this *ſecundùm affectum paſſionis, according to any affection* or *paſſion*, which cannot be in the Divine Nature, but *ſecundùm effectum, according to its effect and operation*, which is deliverance. As a man that doth truly pity his afflicted brother, doth not only grieve and ſuffer with him in his affections, but doth eaſe and deliver him. And this is the fruit and excellency of pity, and this only is in God; *I will deliver him.*

God will not leave his Children in endleſs miſeries; they may wander many years in the Wilderneſſe, but at length he will

will bring them to the Land that floweth with Milk and Honey. He will not have his Children always dwell in the Vale of Tears, but he will bring them to the Mountains of Joy and Gladneſs. *He gives them beauty for aſhes, the oyl of joy for mourning, and the garment of gladneſs for the ſpirit of heavineſs*; Thus he delivered *Joſeph* from the ſtocks, *Jeremy* from the priſon, the common place of his deſpiſed Prophets; he will bring *Jacob*, baniſh'd *Jacob*, home again to his Father's houſe, and he ſhall both enjoy his Father's bleſſing and inheritance. Neither did he return empty, but brought his Sheaves with him, Wives and Children, Men-ſervants and Maid-ſervants, Sheep and Oxen, and in that abundance, that he begins to wonder at himſelf, being amazed at his own happineſs, Iſa. 61. 3.

and astonished at the goodness of God to him, as we may guess by that expression, *For with my staff have I passed over this* Jordan, *and now I am become two Bands:* But above all is that great example of *Jonah*, who was cast into the Sea, and swallowed up by a Whale. We are wont to say at Sea, when a man is drowned, he is not only dead but buried: and besides that, he was entombed in a new Sepulchre, where I believe never man lay so long before; and yet behold, after three days the Resurrection of *Jonah*. Who would have thought to have seen *Jonah* again a Preacher of repentance in *Nineveh*? Well, cast me into the Sea, yea let the Mountains fall upon me, put me in any condition, I will never despair when I remember *Jonah*.

Gen. 32. 10.

And now this being the first Lord's day after my Anniversary Ob-

Obſervation of my great deliverances at Sea, give me leave, as *David* ſays, *to give thanks unto God in the great Congregation,* and *I ſhall praiſe him before much People.* Pſal. 22. 2

I have, for the teſtimony of a good Conſcience, and to preach the Goſpel beyond the Seas, ſuffered many adverſe things. I can ſay with S. *Paul,* but I ſpeak in all humility of ſoul, only to the glory of God, and out of thankfulneſs to his name for my great and many deliverances, *I have been in perils of Waters, in perils of Robbers, in perils by my own Countreymen, in perils by Strangers, in perils in the City, in perils in the Sea, in perils amongſt falſe Brethren; In wearineſs and painfulneſs, in watchings often, in hunger and thirſt, in cold, and* almoſt *nakedneſs; In priſon* after a ſtrict and cloſe manner, *in deaths* 2 Cor. 11.

often: twice *have I ſuffered ſhip-wrack*; two *nights* and two *days* have I lain upon a Rock *in the deep*, ſeveral times *all hope of life being taken away.* Yet, bleſſed be God, he hath made me a Preacher of his great mercy and deliverance this day, *If the Lord himſelf had not been on our ſide, we may well ſay, If the Lord himſelf had not been on our ſide when the waves roſe up againſt us, they had ſwallowed us up quick, yea, the waters had drowned us, and the ſtream had gone over our head. But, bleſſed be his name, he hath brought us out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and eſtabliſhed our going.*

Pſa. 124. 3.

So that I may truly ſay, in the words of my text, *He was with me in my troubles*, he hath *delivered me*; and I'le add the other clauſe, he hath *honour'd me*, in making me, the meaneſt of his Ser-

Servants, a Preacher of his Word, and a Preacher unto you this day.

Vſe. Seeing then we have this aſſured promiſe, let us wait with patience God's own time for our deliverance; as it is ſaid of the Prophet's viſion, *Though it tarry, wait for it, becauſe it will ſurely come, it will not tarry:* Yet there is a kinde of peeviſhneſs in our nature, even in the beſt of us: if God doth not preſently eaſe us of our pain, deliver us from thoſe that oppreſs us, and give us all our hearts deſire, we are weary of our ſelves, and of our lives, and will needs dye, like that good Prophet *Elijah*, the only relique of piety in his days, *It is enough now, Lord, take away my life:* Thus *Rachel* could not endure any longer the diſgrace of her Barneneſs, *Give me Children, or elſe I die.* And thus *Jonah*, Habac. 2.3. 1 King. 19.

though he lately drank ſo deep a draught out of the Sea of God's goodneſs, and had ſeen ſo many Miracles of God's mercy unto him, yet could not with patience endure the affliction of a little Sun-ſhine, but cried out, *It is better for me to die then to live.* And thus it is with us in the extremity of any pain or affliction; we call for Death, and we had rather dye then live: but if Death ſhould come for us, we ſhould be loth to take him by the cold hand, and go with him. Like that old man in the Fable, who coming from the Wood with a bundle of ſticks at his back, the Sun beating hot upon him, he began to be weary, and flung down his burthen, and call'd for Death to take him away: but when Death appeared to him, and asked wherefore he call'd him, To help me me on, ſaith he,

he, with my burden. The old man was then loth to dye. It is thus with us in our extream and averſe things; we call for Death, and had rather dye then live: but if God ſhould ſend Death for us, we ſhould ſay to him as the old man, Help us on with our burthen; whether it be pain, ſickneſſe, poverty, nakedneſſe, bonds, impriſonment, the tortures of the Gout, or grindings of the Stone; any burthen rather then Death.

Do not therefore provoke the Lord with intemperate exclamations, hopeleſs language of deſpair, and fooliſh ſpeeches of bitter paſſion, but poſſeſs your ſouls with patience, and wait God's leiſure; he can and will deliver thee: *I will be with him in trouble, and I will deliver.*

3. And ſo I come now to the third thing propounded, *Promiſ-*

ſum

ſum recompenſationis, a promiſe of reward and recompence; I will honour him.

What could fleſh and bloud expect more from Heaven in their troubled condition, then the preſence of God to aſſiſt them, and the power of God to deliver them? Yet all this had not been enough, nor a full ſatisfaction to our deſires, had we not had the other part of the promiſe, *promiſſum recompenſationis, a promiſe of reward and recompence.* We think it much to ſerve God for nought, and to ſuffer for Chriſt, and to have no reward but a bare deliverance. The very Apoſtles of Chriſt had ſuch affections in them; even *Peter*, the great Profeſſor of them, ſaid unto our Saviour, *Behold we have forſaken all and followed thee, what ſhall we have therefore?* Even the beſt of us ſerve God for

Mat. 19. 27.

for a reward, and he is willing to give it us; *I will honour thee.*

God honours his People three ways.

1. By giving them titles of honour, and terms of dignity and renown. Thus God says to *Jacob* his chosen, *Since thou wast precious in my sight, thou hast been honourable.* Isa. 43. 2.

And again, he calls his Church *a Noble Vine*; And the Saints are called *the Excellent*; *To the Saints that are in the Earth, and to the Excellent*; And those of the Church of *Sardis* are said to be *worthy*; and S. *Peter* writing to the Jewish Christians that were scattered abroad in *Pontus*, *Galatia* and *Cappadocia*, he calls them, *A Chosen Generation, a Royal Priesthood.* Thus the Spirit of God ascribes to the Saints Nobility, Excellency, Royalty, which Jer. 2. 21. Psa. 16. Revel. 2.

which are all enſigns of greateſt honour.

2. God honours his Children by advancing them to places of honour and renown. For, *He raiſeth the poor* (that are his) *out of the duſt, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill, that he may ſet them with Princes, even the Princes of the People:* Thus God raiſed *Joſeph* out of the Dungeon, and made him Ruler over *Egypt:* And now was his Dream fulfilled; that *the Sun and the Moon and the eleven Stars made obeiſance unto him.* And thus God advanced *Daniel* from a miſerable Captive to be Ruler over the Province of *Babylon*, *And he ſate in the Gate of the King:* Thus you ſee Grace and Honour may meet together, and one may be both a Saint and a King, a King and a Martyr, which is the higheſt of Saints. We read

Pſal. 113.

Dan. 2. 49.

of

of a Noble Army of Martyrs in S. *Ambroſe* his Creed, which we commonly call *Te Deum*. Thus you ſee Nobility and Sanctity, Greatneſs and Goodneſs, Kingſhip and Martyrdom, may meet together in one and the ſame perſon; *I will honour him.*

Laſtly, God doth not always honour his Children in this World; ſome he ſuffers to dye in Priſon, others upon a Scaffold, and the Bodies of his dear Children are oftentimes *ſown* into their Graves *in diſhonour:* but they ſhall *riſe in honour*, yea in the perfection of honour, for they ſhall be glorified; and ſo it is in the Latine tranſlation, *Glorificabo eum, I will deliver him, and I will glorifie him:* and the more they ſuffer here, the greater ſhall be their glory hereafter. Though all ſhall receive glory, yet there ſhall be degrees of that glory

glory, as we read, 1 Cor. 15. 41. *There is one glory of the Sun, another glory of the Moon, and another glory of the Stars, and one Star differeth from another in glory*, yet all these Stars do shine in glory: so it shall be in Heaven,

——*Omnibus una salus, sed gloria dispar.*

Though all shall be glorified, yet there shall be degrees and differences of that glory. There is one glory of the Sun, I mean that glorious Sun of Righteousness, Christ Jesus, that sitteth at the right hand of God; another glory of the Apostles: there is one glory of his Confessors, another of his Martyrs, and one Saint differeth from another in glory. They shall be, saith Christ, Ἰσάγγελοι, *as the Angels* of God in

in Heaven: not in reſpect of purity only and ſingleneſs of life, which was the occaſion of this ſpeech of our Saviour; but in reſpect of the ſpirituality of our Bodies with which we ſhall riſe, and the glory we ſhall receive in Heaven. Now we all acknowledge an Hierarchy, and ſeveral degrees of Bleſſedneſſe among thoſe Divine Spirits; ſome are Angels, ſome Archangels, others Powers, Principalities, and Dominions: which doth plainly teſtifie a diverſity and ſeveral degrees of Bleſſedneſs in the Saints, if ſo be that their Bleſſedneſſe ſhall be equal with and conformable to the Beatitudes of the Holy Angels. It's true, one and the ſame eſſential happineſs ſhall be to all in reſpect of the Object; for they all ſhall ſee God: one and the ſame likewiſe in reſpect of the Subject; for all the pow-

ers

ers of the Soul, and members of the Body, ſhall be adorn'd and beautified with Glory. Again, one and the ſame in reſpect of duration and continuance of time; for all and every one ſhall be bleſſed for ever, and their happineſs eternal. And laſtly, one and the ſame in reſpect of ſatiety; for all ſhall be full; one Veſſel may be bigger then another, but all ſhall be full. But yet there ſhall be diverſities, as of Grace here, ſo of Glory hereafter; and as in ſome there are greater gifts of Grace, ſo ſhall there be higher degrees of Glory. But whether this increaſe and intenſion of Bleſſedneſs ariſeth from a more pure and clear Viſion of God, or from a more perfect diſpoſition of our Underſtanding, or from greater flames of Love and Joy in the fruition of God, or whether by

by the addition of ſome accidental happineſs, acceſſory *Præmiums*, or Indulgences, I cannot ſay: but moſt certain it is, that the Saints in Heaven ſhall, according to their ſeveral capacities, receive the meaſure of their Bleſſedneſs; for God will deal with every man according to his ſervice here, and ſufferings for the name of Jeſus. *They that turn many to righteouſneſs ſhall ſhine as the ſtars for ever and ever:* But thoſe that ſhall loſe their lives for righteouſneſſe ſake *ſhall ſhine forth as the Sun in the Kingdom of their Father.* Dan. 12. 3. Mat. 13. 43.

S. *John* was the beloved Diſciple upon Earth; but ſurely S. *Peter*, that was crucified with his heels upward, is the Beloved in Heaven. S. *John* was wont to lay his head in the boſome of Chriſt: but ſure now St. *Paul* muſt lye there, that loſt his head

for Christ; S. *John* dyed in his Bed. God will reward every man according to his sufferings in this life for his Names sake: the more they suffer here, the more they shall be blessed hereafter; the greater their Dishonour upon Earth, the greater shall be their Honour in Heaven. Every one that wears a Crown of Thorns here for Christ's sake shall wear a Crown of Glory; the more Thorns, the more Glory. Which God grant to all those that suffer for the name of Jesus. Amen.

Μόνῳ Θεῷ δόξα.

A NARRATIVE OF A Great Deliverance AT SEA.

Sen.

Quod durum eſt pati
Meminiſſe dulce eſt.

The ſecond Edition Corrected and Enlarg'd

London: Printed for *John Crook*, at the Ship in S. *Pauls* Church-yard. 1664.

FOR

My much eſteemed Friend
CHARLES SCARBURGH,
Doctor of Phyſick, at his
Houſe in *Black-Friers*
London.

Worthy Doctor, and
loving Friend,

I Am one of thoſe many that honour both your Perſon and Profeſſion: Not becauſe I have a weak body, and ſo often ſtand in need of your healing and

saving hands; for that were to love my self, not you: but because I find in all ages, as well as in this, that Physitians have been men of most rare parts and eminent learning, There are but few of your Colledge but are known to me by their Merit or Courtesie; I never come out of their company, but I feel my self better both in health and knowledge; and I do not think that any Age can boast of so many Monsters of wit and learning (for Vertue hath its Monsters as well as Vice) as there is now among you. And truly, if there be no better encouragement made for the study of Divinity, the

Learn-

Learning of this Nation will lie in your hands, as doth now the welfare, and ye will be Patrons of both.

But then, as your Profeſſion is eminent, ſo are you in your Profeſſion. I will not ſay, more then others, for thoſe Comparative expreſſions (beſides their uncharitableneſſe and incivility) are poor Commendations; and, I think, do rather debaſe then exalt the credit of a friend. For it ſeems to me to imply, that a man hath not merit enough in himſelf to make him high in the eſteem of the world, unleſs we ſet him upon the head of another.

Non tali auxilio——

I ſhall not need ſuch helps in my addreſſes to your ſelf; for you may ſtand upon the high Mountain of your own worth and merit, and without ſetting your foot upon another, make your ſelf viſible and known unto the whole world. Beſides thoſe rare things in Nature, you have diſcover'd to us many ſecrets and occult qualities, which former Philoſophy could not teach us; and are ſo well acquainted with the Body of man, that you can un-pin the whole frame, take it in pieces, as a man doth his Watch, ſet it

it together again, and make it go better. I do not mean better then it was created; but since it hath been debauched and disordered by several maladies and obstructions. Besides the excellent and happy knowledge you have in Physick, you are eminent in Mathematical Philosophy; you have read over the whole Volume of Heaven, and are perfectly acquainted with their motions, influences, stars and Intelligences, as if you had been bred above in that University. Neither doth this precious Jewel of knowledge dwell in a Caskanet of an ill

Na-

Nature, for that would take much off its luſtre and brightneſs; but in a ſweet diſpoſition, as our famous Oughtred *ſaies of you,* ſuaviſſimis moribus, ingenio perſpicaciſſimo.

From this fountain run ſo many haſty and full ſtreams of love and kindneſs to all your friends and acquaintance: And to this your good Nature do I impute the earneſt deſire you have had to hear me often diſcourſe of my dangers and diſaſters at Sea; not that you take delight in my ſufferings, but rejoice in my deliverance. You have violently importun'd me many years, to write the

ſad

ſad Story of my ſhipwrack; which I thought I ſhould never be brought to, [For perſonal things ought to be concealed.] *But there is ſuch Magick in the love of a friend, that I can ſooner deny my ſelf then him. And therefore I ſhall give you in theſe few lines a brief and haſty relation of my Second Voyage toward the Eaſt. But if this ſad ſtory make you Sea-ſick, (for good men are not well when they hear the evils and misfortunes of others) you may thank your ſelf. For the fault is not in my ſufferings, but in your Virtue and tenderneſs;*

neſs; and you are to blame your own Commands, not my love in the performance.

Your very Friend,

Will. Johnſon.

A

A NARRATIVE OF A Great Deliverance at SEA.

WE went aboard from *Harwich* on *Michaelmas* day, 29 of *September* 1648. I confeſs, a dull kind of ſadneſs (as a cloud) ſate upon my ſpirits, ſo that I could not look out chearfully upon my departing friends. But I took my farewel of them, as if I had been going not only out of *England*, but out of the world. I can give no

no reaſon of this *deliquium*, for I was ſent on a good Meſſage, to preach the Goſpel of Jeſus Chriſt. I was embarqued in a ſtout ſhip, with a fair wind, and a skilful Pilot; ſo that the underſtanding and rational part of my ſoul could not foreſee any, nor ſuſpect the leaſt danger. But (ſure) Nature (whoſe *Apocrypha* we ſhall never underſtand) was ſenſible of ſome approaching ſtorm; for I was no ſooner at Sea, but I was in a ſtrange Anguiſh and Propaſſion, ſo that I ſuffered ſhipwrack in my mind, and all the terrours thereof, before it came. I preſently fell ſick (as I uſually do at Sea) for Water hath always been an unkind Element to me: yet that ſickneſſe hath no ſpecifical name, we neither call it Fever nor Ague, Palſie nor Gout; but I think it is all theſe, with the reſt of humane infirmities

firmities, or at leaſt an *Index* where we may find them; for I was ſo really ſick, that to be drown'd had been a puniſhment indeed, but in my thoughts no affliction to me. This ſickneſſe was neither Tertian, nor Quartan, but Quotidian: for I was as ſick the next day as before. About four of the clock in the afternoon, the Maſter of the Ship came into our Cabin with more haſte then he was wont, for he was quickned with the ſenſe and apprehenſion of ſome ſudden and enſuing danger; which though he conceal'd from me, I ſaw it in his very countenance, written plainly in pale characters of fear and amazement, which made me aſk him, *whether all was well.* And like a loving tender-hearted man, who is loth to tell his dying friend that he is ſo near his end,

he

he anſwered me, *All is well.*

But when I ſaw him ſhift himſelf, and make haſte out again in great ſpeed, but greater paſſion, I roſe from my bed, and crawl'd upon the Deck, where I ſaw a ſad ſpectacle. The Ship having ſprung a Leak, or rather a Plank, was ready to ſink. I do not wonder now I was ſo ſick before, ſeeing death was ſo near. Oh how the face of every man was chang'd by this affrightment, ſo that we could not know almoſt one another, having loſt our natural complexions through the extremity of paſſion! One was at his prayers, another wringing his hands, a third his eyes ſhedding of tears, when we had no need of more ſalt water. But after this fit, they fell to work, and (as it is uſual in ſuch extreams) we were all buſie about doing of nothing,

and

and we did we knew not what. We began one thing, —*ſed facti pœnitet*, but we preſently fell to another, and perfected nothing to our ſafety. The Maſters Mate and Brother, whom we ſent down to ſearch out the Leak, quickly return'd to us with a ſad countenance; though naturally his face was red, yet fear had ſnow'd it into a pale complexion. This man with trembling hands, gnaſhing of teeth, a quivering tongue, and words half-ſpoken, ſignified to us that the wound was incurable, that the Leak could not be ſtopt, and the Water came in ſo faſt upon us, that we muſt periſh in this moment. I never heard a Death's head ſpeak before; for he did look not like a Meſſenger, but Death it ſelf. Had he ſaid nothing, we might have read our fate and ruine in his countenance.

Here was now no room for counſel, neither had we time to ask one another what was beſt to be done. But we preſently caſt out our long Boat, and ſhot off ſome eight or nine Guns, which ſeem'd to me to be ſo many tolls of a Paſſing-bell before our death. But it was to give notice to one *Bartholomew Cook*, who was Maſter of that Ship that came out with us, and was but a little before us, that he ſhould come to our relief. In theſe fair hopes we leapt into the Boat; but it was my ſad chance to leap ſhort, one leg in the boat, *alterum in Charontis cymba:* but not without ſome danger, I ſcrambled out of the Sea into the boat; but was no ſooner there, but one of the Mariners leapt out of the ſhip upon me, and beat me down with his weight; which I took kindly enough,

enough, being willing to have carried them all upon my back to have ſaved their lives. But there was one, and but one, left in our ſinking ſhip, who made ſuch lamentable moan, that his tears prevail'd againſt the fears of our preſent danger, and we took him into our boat, when we expected our ſhip (whoſe ſails lay now flat upon the water) ſhould ſink immediately, which muſt neceſſarily have drawn our ſmall boat after it, as the greater fiſhes ſwallow up the leſs.

But (God be thanked) we all came clear off the ſhip, but now were rowing we knew not whither. For M. *Cook* came not to our relief, and we began to be ſevere in language againſt him, as if he had not been kinde enough to us; when all that knew him will ſay, he was a man of a

ſoft, tender nature, and a friend to others, rather then to himſelf. But all men are ſuſpicious in adverſity, and commonly take all things in the worſt part, and ſo did we; not conſidering at all how it might fare with this honeſt Maſter, who, poor man, was in greater diſtreſſe then our ſelves, and drank a deeper draught of affliction; for both he and his ſhip and all his men periſhed in that hour, not a man eſcaped to tell us the cauſe, manner and method of his fate.

Omnes quibus res ſunt minus ſecundæ magis ſunt neſcio quomodo ſuſpicioſi ſe ſemper credunt negligi, Terent. Adelp.

Now were all our hopes daſhed, as well as our ſelves, being in deſpair of humane help; for we were left in the North Seas, which ſeldom wear a ſmooth brow, but at this time contending with the wind ſwell'd into prodigious Mountaines, which threatned every moment

ment to fall upon us.

To ſpeak plainly, it blew half a ſtorm, and we were now in a ſmall Veſſel: what credit could we give unto our ſafety in a ſmall and open Shallop, when ſo ſtately a Caſtle of wood, which we but now loſt, could not defend it ſelf againſt the inſolency of the waves? we were many leagues from any ſhore, having no Compaſs to guide us, no proviſion to ſuſtain us, being ſtarv'd with cold as well as for want of victuals, and the Night grew black upon us, having nothing in our Boat but a ſmall * Kettle, and three bags of Pieces of Eight to the value of 300 *li. Sterling.* But alas! what good can money do where there is no Exchange? we could not eat nor drink our Silver, neither could our Pieces of Eight keep us warm. Money

* Which ſerved us as a Scoop to caſt the water out of the Boat.

in its own nature is but an impotent creature, a very cripple, *inutile pondus*, *a burthen of no value.*

Good God! into what a ſad condition haſt thou now brought us; for which of our ſins doeſt thou thus puniſh us? Teach us, O Lord, that we may know it, and firſt drown our ſelves in tears of repentance, before the Sea ſwallow us up; that though our bodies be caſt away, we may ſave our ſouls: Such language my troubled thoughts ſpake within me. For it was with us now as it was with St. *Paul*, *All hopes that we ſhould be ſaved were taken away.* Nothing could preſerve us but a miracle, being out of the reach of humane help: we were ſinful creatures, and could not expect that God ſhould go out of his ordinary way to ſave us. Though the

Acts 27.

waves

waves carried us up to Heaven, yet we could not hope or believe that God ſhould put his hand out of the clouds, and take us miſerable Caitives unto himſelf from the top of a riſing wave; we had nothing to help us but our prayers. I am ſorry that word ſlipt from my haſty pen. Prayer is a multitude, a Troop of ſuccors, and many enough to deliver us out of the depth, though we were intomb'd in the belly of a Whale; as it did *Jonah*. Prayer, if it be well qualified, is that rod of *Moſes*, that can *turn the Sea into a wilderneſs, and make us paſs through upon dry land*. Upon this only Pſa. 107. ſtaff did we all lean, and I ſuppoſe it was with us, as in the caſe of *Jonah*. *The mariners were afraid, and every man called upon his God*; And truly, I think I may with modeſty confeſſe, I Jonah 2.

thought on thoſe words of *David*, though after a more imper-
Pſal. 69. fect manner, *Out of the depth have I cried unto thee: Lord, hear my voice, and let thine ears be attentive to my ſupplication. I ſink in the deep mire, where there is no ſtanding. Let not the water-flood overflow me, neither let the deep ſwallow me up.*

But beſide our perſonal devotion, I am perſwaded the extremity of our conditon pleaded for us, and our miſery cried aloud in the ears of God for pity and compaſſion. It is an uſual expreſſion, when we ſee any man extreamly poor and miſerable, to ſay, *his poverty* or *his miſery ſpeaks for him:* and commonly we are not ſo much moved with a clamorous Beggar, who hunts after our Alms with open mouth, and makes Hue and Cry after our Charity, as if we had ſtol-

len

len ſomething from him who begs of us, I ſay, we are not ſo much moved with ſuch loud impudence, as with the ſilence of thoſe diſeaſed Cripples, and infirm *Lazaro's*, that lie at our doors, and in the ſtreets, and ſay nothing, but ſhew only their wounds and ſores to thoſe that paſs by. Theſe beggars ſpeak loudeſt to our affections, their very condition is eloquent; *quot vulnera, tot ora, ſo many wounds, ſo many mouths*, that cry aloud for pity, and cannot chuſe but melt us into a charitable compaſſion. This was our caſe; our miſery was louder then our prayers, and our deplorable condition certainly was more prevalent with Almighty God then our imperfect devotions; for we may ſay with the people of *Iſrael*; *He heard our cry, and had compaſſion on us*; It is the uſual Exod. 2.

way

way of God to help in Extremities, when we are in abſolute deſpair of all outward means he loves to ſave us, that we may ſay, *It is his doing alone.*

For in this moment of death, when we were without the leaſt expectation of any deliverance, He ſent a Ship to us, which we muſt needs confeſs to be *Digitus Dei, the finger of God*, that pointed and directed that ſhip to our deliverance: for though many ſhips come from the ſame place, and are bound for the ſame Haven, yet they ſeldom meet in the vaſt Ocean, and ſail in the ſame line; for there are no beaten paths in the floods, no highways and common roads in the Sea. But ſuch was the goodneſs of God, this ſhip made towards us, and we what we could toward it. But we had but two oars, and the Sea-men counted

that

that a great diſadvantage both to their ſpeed and breaking of the waves. Beſide, it blew hard, and the Sea, that knows no pity, roſe high upon us, ſo that we were forc'd to ſit cloſe to one another, to keep out the Sea with our backs: a poor ſhelter againſt a raging enemy, who finding himſelf check'd, through indignation flew over our heads into the boat, and fell upon us in angry ſhowers, ſo that had we not had that Kettle to caſt the water out as faſt as it came in, we might have been drown'd from above with rain of our own making. It was my lot to ſit on the weather-ſide (and there is no complement or changing of places in a ſtorm) and the waves beat on me ſo faſt, that I had almoſt ſaid with the Prophet *David*, *The waters had even entred into my Soul.* Pſa. 69.

And

And now we grew into another deſpair; for with all our endeavours we could not reach the ſhip, nor the ſhip us: yet that good man the Skipper hung on the Lee, and did what he could to retard the courſe of his ſhip; and we on the other ſide did what we could to ſpeed our own. His ſhip rode on furiouſly before the wind, like the Chariot of *Aminadab*; and ours ſlowly, like the Chariots of *Pharaoh*; and how could we expect that our Snail ſhould overtake his Dromedary? Thus our pregnant hopes brought forth nothing but Wind and Water; and we that before flattered our ſelves with an aſſurance of Safety are now as much confounded with a certainty of Periſhing. It had been better, I think, and leſs affliction to us, to have had no hopes at all of a Deliverance, then preſently

ſently to fall from it. It did redouble the puniſhment of *Tantalus*, to kiſs thoſe Apples with his Lips which he muſt not taſte with his Tongue: to have Happineſs near us in our eye, and not to enjoy it, is the extremity of Unhappineſſe. Many Mariners, in a Storm and Tempeſt, when they ſee a fatal neceſſity upon them, are contented to dye: but theſe men would murmure *portu perire, to periſh in a Haven.*

This was our condition: We had a Ship hard by, but could not board her by reaſon of the Weather; ſo that we were ready to periſh, whil'ſt we look'd Safety in the face; and that which, in all probability, increaſed our Danger, and made our Fate inevitable, it grew dark night, ſo that we did not know which way to row.

But

But this, though it was an evil in its own nature, by accident became a benefit to us: for now, not seeing our danger we understood it not, and so grew bolder, and apply'd two to an Oar, and so brake through the Waves in a most desperate condition towards the Ship, as we conceived: and that good Christian, the Master of the Vessel, hung out a Light to us, which was as a Star to guide us to him; and so by degrees we grew nearer and nearer.

But lest the *Howzoner* (for the Master was one of *Howzon*) should think we were lost, and so hoise up his Sails and be gone, (for he could not see us by reason of the Night, though we saw him by vertue of the Light he lent us) Order was given, that when a Wave took us up, we should give a great shout: which

we

we did ſo loud, that I believe our Cry was heard to Heaven; for by God's miraculous aſſiſtance, we grew very neer the Ship, and our own ſafety.

Now were we in diſpute, which ſide of the Ship we ſhould go aboard, which was concluded on the Lee-ſide; and promiſe was made, we ſhould go up by order as we ſate, leſt by a haſty riſing we ſhould endanger our ſelves, and by making too much haſte to ſave our lives, loſe them. But we had no ſooner come to the Ship, but they all ſtrove to run up at once; and the Seamen being dexterous in the art of climbing got up in a moment, and left me alone in the Boat: neither do I blame them, for Life is ſweet; and when that is in jeopardy, we care only for our ſelves.

And now was I the third time

loſt,

loſt, and in the greateſt danger of drowning; for beſides the natural weakneſſe I had in my hands, they were now ſo benumb'd with cold and wet, and made uſeleſs, that I could not climb up a Rope, though it was now to ſave my Life. But I held the Rope, which was flung to me out of the Ship, faſt in my hands, that our Boat might not ſtave off: but it ſtruck three times againſt our rowling Ship, or rather our Ship againſt it, and as often ſtruck me down in the Boat, which was half full of water; ſo that I was afraid I ſhould have been drown'd in that Epitome of the Sea. It would have griev'd a man, but now to have eſcaped the vaſt Champain of the Sea, and to be drown'd in its Encloſure; and it was God's providence, the Boat being ſo often ſtruck did not break in

pieces,

pieces, as it did presently afterward, when it had done its last office to my deliverance. But having used several ways to get up in vain, there came, at last, two Sea-men down to me on the side of the Ship, and would have heav'd me up by the arms. But being so often wet, my Clothes, together with my own weight, were too heavy a Burthen to be trusted in their arms: and in this streight and exigency I really knew not what to do. I began to have sad thoughts of my self, and to think, that I alone was the Offender, and must now be sacrificed to the fury of the Sea, to appease and calm the Tempest. But whil'st I was thus wounding my breast with these thoughts, one of the Sea-men gave me down a Rope with a nooze, and bade me put it about my middle: but as soon as I got

it on one ſhoulder, he began to pull, and had like to have forc'd me into the Sea. But deſiring him to ſtay a while, I then got it over both ſhoulders, and order-ed him to pull. But the Boat waving up and down caſt me off at ſome diſtance, ſo that he firſt drew me into the Sea, and my own weight drew the Rope ſo faſt through his hands, that had there not been a knot at the end of the Rope by meer chance, (for he tyed it not, as he after-wards told me in *England*) I had gone down into the Depth in a moment; ſo that I may truly ſay, there was not an inch be-tween me and Death. Then at the next pull he ſtruck me a-gainſt the ſide of the Ship, which I ſhall alwayes look upon as a Courteſie, being the kindeſt blow that ever I received: It was like a Doſe of *Opium* to a man

man that hath the extremity of the Stone, which makes him forget himſelf as well as his ſorrow; and ſo it ſerved me, for I remembred no more either good or evil. But certainly the Maſter was a good Chriſtian, and was indulgent to me; For I found my ſelf in his own Cabin the next morning, where I ſlept all night very well, though in wet clothes. But I found my ſelf ſore and lame all over. I thought of the Man in the Almanack, wounded in every part and member; onely I really was what he ſeem'd to be, and had ſome ſigns likewiſe of it on my bruiſed body.

But I roſe from my Cabin, very deſirous to know how it fared with my Fellow-ſufferers; & truly I found them, contrary to my expectation, heavy, not with ſleep, but with ſorrow. I thought I ſhould have ſeen joy ride in

triumph in their cheerful countenance; but their looks were dejected, and they murmured within themselves, suffering (I suppose) over their Shipwrack again in their sad thoughts, and every man telling himself of his own misfortune. But the truth was, they having sav'd their Lives were now at leisure to think of the loss of their Goods: And I know it was a heavy loss to some, who lost much; and yet a greater loss to others, who lost less: for they having but a little lost a great deal, that little being all they had. For my own part, I lost more then I had, (for it cast me in a Debt, which I have not yet waded through.) But the Quantity of my loss doth not so much trouble me as the Quality; for (besides my Goods and whole Library) I lost all my Sermons, Notes, Observations

vations of ſome years travel abroad, things in themſelves of no value, nor much in my eſteem, yet they were the fruits of my (many years) labour and ſtudy, and might have been uſeful to me, both in my Miniſterial Function, and likewiſe in the ſecular and lay-part of my life. But it were a ſhame to name any loſs, when God ſo graciouſly gave us our life; and a ſin to murmure at any damage, when God ſo often and ſo miraculouſly ſnatch'd us out of the very jaws of Death. It ſeems to me to be like calling *Lazarus* out of the Grave. And do we think *Lazarus*, when he was reſtored unto life, complain'd that his Winding-ſheet and Napkin were ſpoiled by lying four days in the Grave? or that he murmured that the Ointments and Spices were ſpent in vain at his Funer-

al? For ſure *Mary*, that had a Box of precious Ointment for the burial of our Saviour, would be at ſome coſt at the Funeral of her beloved Brother *Lazarus*. But theſe things are not to be thought upon, when our Life is given us. But we are ſo enamour'd on the World, that we cannot but look back upon things we love and loſe; and we would fain be comforted after our loſſes, as *Job* was, with twice as much as we had before. But then we muſt remember, it was at the latter end of *Job*; and before that time God may redouble theſe temporal bleſſings upon us.

The next day, being Tueſday, it blew very fair for *Norwey*, thither our Ship was bound; and about twelve of the clock at noon we came in the view of it. But *Norwey* being a ragged Coaſt, full

full of Rocks, and ſeeing we could not reach it whil'ſt it was day, and afraid to come upon it in the dark, we turn'd our Sails, and thought to have kept off the Coaſt till the morning, that the Sun might ſhew us the way thither. Which done, we ſate down to meat, ſome of us having taken no ſuſtenance ſince we firſt came to Sea; and truly I eat an hearty meal, being the only meal I made in five days: and ſo we were all very well refreſhed and comforted. And now God thought it fit we ſhould ſuffer again. Had it pleaſed the Lord before this refreſhment to have brought us in ſome new diſtreſs, we certainly, being weak, had periſhed under the weight of it, and the very conceit of it would have kill'd us, and a little more ſorrow would have drown'd us without a wave. But God will

lay no more upon his Children then they can bear.

About ten of the clock at night, when we had ſet our Watch, and pray'd; with ſafe and ſecure thoughts we laid our ſelves to reſt, ſome of us upon our Beds. But God had appointed an harder Lodging for us, ſuch as he provided for *Jacob* in his journey to *Padan-Aram*, when *he took of the ſtones of the place, and made himſelf a pillow, and lay down in that place to ſleep.* For this our ſecond Ship with full Sails ran upon a Rock, and gave ſo great a crack, that it was able to awake the moſt dead-aſleep among us. I wondred, I confeſs, what the matter was; but the Mariners, knowing the danger better then my ſelf, cri'd out, *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy*, with ſo doleful a tone and accent, that, together with that hideous noiſe

Gen. 28. 11.

noiſe which both the Wind and Waves made in this their pitch'd Battel one againſt the other, it ſeem'd to me to be the very Image and Repreſentation of the Day of Judgement. I made what haſte I could out of my Cabin, but was the laſt that came upon the Deck; where meeting with our own Maſter, with both his hands upon his eyes, which yet could not ſtop that current of tears which ran down his cheeks, he bade me *pray for them, pray for them, for we ſhall certainly periſh.* I could believe no otherwiſe, being taught that Leſſon by our Maſter; and therefore I fell preſently upon my knees, and was juſt in the condition of a Condemned Perſon that expected the ſtroke of the Executioner, the night having put a blind before mine eyes: and having pray'd awhile I wondred

lay no more upon his Children then they can bear.

About ten of the clock at night, when we had ſet our Watch, and pray'd; with ſafe and ſecure thoughts we laid our ſelves to reſt, ſome of us upon our Beds. But God had appointed an harder Lodging for us, ſuch as he provided for *Jacob* in his journey to *Padan-Aram*, when *he took of the ſtones of the place, and made himſelf a pillow, and lay down in that place to ſleep.* For this our ſecond Ship with full Sails ran upon a Rock, and gave ſo great a crack, that it was able to awake the moſt dead-aſleep among us. I wondred, I confeſs, what the matter was; but the Mariners, knowing the danger better then my ſelf, cri'd out, *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy*, with ſo doleful a tone and accent, that, together with that hideous noiſe

Gen. 28. 11.

noiſe which both the Wind and Waves made in this their pitch'd Battel one againſt the other, it ſeem'd to me to be the very Image and Repreſentation of the Day of Judgement. I made what haſte I could out of my Cabin, but was the laſt that came upon the Deck; where meeting with our own Maſter, with both his hands upon his eyes, which yet could not ſtop that current of tears which ran down his cheeks, he bade me *pray for them, pray for them, for we ſhall certainly periſh.* I could believe no otherwiſe, being taught that Leſſon by our Maſter; and therefore I fell preſently upon my knees, and was juſt in the condition of a Condemned Perſon that expected the ſtroke of the Executioner, the night having put a blind before mine eyes: and having pray'd awhile I wondred

dred the Waves did not come to do their office, for I forgave them with all my heart, having wholly reſigned up my ſelf to Death.

But ſo it pleaſed God, that the Ship with full Sails ſtruck it ſelf ſo faſt into the cleft of the Rock, or rather, as the Sea-men ſay, between two ſledges of Rocks, with her Bow over the main Rock, ſo that it ſtood as firm, for the preſent, I mean the former part of the Ship, as the Rock it ſelf. So I preſently roſe, and pull'd off my Coat, with an intention to caſt my ſelf into the Sea and ſwim thither; but was adviſed to the contrary by a preſent enſuing danger: for preſently there aroſe a high and mighty Wave, one of the chief Gyants of the Sea, which firſt knock'd againſt our Ship, as if it would have call'd me forth, and then with greater violence

daſh'd

dash'd againſt the Rock', and brake it ſelf in pieces; which did plainly repreſent unto me my future condition, and foretell my fortune, had I ventured to ſtride that great Leviathan, and endeavour'd to ſwim to the Rock.

But preſently our Ship, like Saint *Paul*'s Ship, brake in the hinder parts, and we were taught to eſcape our danger by our danger: for our Ship breaking in the Stern, we were forc'd to fly to the former part; and one of the Sea-men (the ſame that pull'd me up by the Rope) leap'd from the Bow of the Ship upon the Rock with a rope in his hand, which was faſtned to one of our Maſts, and held it with ſo ſtiff an hand, that another ſlipt down by it; and ſo all our own company, and ſome of the Danes (eight and twenty in number) came ſafe to the Rock that way. *Matthew Bird of Ipſwich.*

All

All this while, being left alone upon the Deck, I began to wonder what became of my company, not then knowing that they had found any means of deliverance. But perceiving that they all crowded to the head of the ſhip, I went to ſee (God knows that was all my intention) what they did there, and ſo I came to the knowledge of their eſcape, and an opportunity of my own. For I found a *Dane* endeavouring to ſlide down himſelf and a ſmall leather-trunk by that rope, who like a loving man took pity upon me, and preſently whipt away his trunk, and bid me ſlide down there: but I return'd him his kindneſs, and deſir'd him to go down firſt, not ſo much out of complement, but that I might know how to ſlide down; for I ſaw none of them go before me, and I did not know whether I ſhould

ſhould go with my head or heels foremoſt. I had no time to ask counſel, or make experiment, but preſently I got upon the rope with my heels foremoſt, and back uppermoſt. But the waves beat upon me, and the wind (which was high) blew me round, and had almoſt made me let go my hold: but, I praiſe God, I came ſafely to the ſide of the rock; and they cry'd, *Off, off*; not out of unkindneſſe to me (whom they knew not in the dark) but that I might make a ſpeedy way for another, which I quickly did: for having laid one hand upon the rock, I came off the rope, and ſo on all four climb'd up to the reſt of my company.

I was the laſt that came down the ſhip that way, for in that very moment the ſhip began to decline from us and give way; which

which the Maſter perceiving (who was ſtill aboard) made lamentable moan to us to help him, which we did with our utmoſt endeavours. But the ſhip brake, and ſunk immediately. There was this good man and four of the Mariners drown'd. I ſaw the Maſter with a light in his hand fall into the Sea, the ſaddeſt ſight I ever yet beheld in this world, and that which pierced my very ſoul, to ſee him that ſaved our lives loſe his own. There was nothing ſo bitter to me in all my ſufferings at Sea as the loſs of this man: it raiſed ſuch a ſtorm and tempeſt in my affections, that I am not yet calm within. I never think of him, but I am caſt in a troubled ſea of ſorrow, and ſuffer ſhipwrack daily in my mind; for as he was a man of a meek and charitable diſpoſition unto all, ſo I found him

him kinde unto my ſelf after a more ſpecial manner. How ſollicitous was he for us in our diſtreſs, and uſed all means, though it was to his own hindrance, to ſave us! and in all probability, had he not ſtaid for us, he might have arrived at his own Harbour in ſafety. What ſhall we ſay? ſhall we *plead with the Almighty*, with the Prophet *Jeremy*? No, it is better to cry out, with S. *Paul*, *Oh the depth of the riches and wiſdom and knowledge of God! How unſearchable are his judgements, and his ways paſt finding out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord, or who hath been his counſellor?* All that we can ſay is, that God ſometimes thus dealeth with his own children. Thoſe whom by his grace he hath made inſtruments of great good upon earth, he taketh unto himſelf, to make them highly bleſſed in heaven

Jer. 12.

Rom. 11. 33, 34, 35.

heaven. Certainly the Spirit of God moved upon these waters, and call'd this good man, as Christ did S. *Peter* on the Sea of
Mat. 14. *Galilee*, to come to him, that for this high act of charity he might receive him, and presently crown him with glory.

Now were we upon the Rock, but knew not where; and some of the Company, before I came to them, had measur'd it round with their feet, and found it both a Rock and an Isle, and, contrary to our hopes, inhabitable; so that we waited for the Morning-Star to draw the curtain of the night, and discover us first unto our selves (for, as yet in the dark, we were as ignorant of our selves as of our sad condition) and, then, to shew and discover some coast or land to us, which we hoped we were neer to. It was a long and a sad night

night with me: a rock is an hard pillow to ſleep on; beſide, I was thinly clad, having caſt off my coat when I intended to ſwim, and had no leiſure to put it on again; for I thought it beſt to leave that behinde me, rather then my ſelf. We went from place to place, up and down, I may truly ſay, for I had many a fall upon the ſlimy Rock: ſometimes we were up to the anckles in water, I cannot ſay overſhooes, for I had none; ſo that my feet were cut with the ſharp ſtones, as my body with the cold wind; ſo that I felt the very teeth of Winter bite quite through me: for Winter in that Country is an old man with a grey head, when it is but a child with us. At length we happen'd in an hole of the rock, which was a warm ſhelter to us againſt the wind. And now the long-expected

Morning drew neer, and we fain would have ſeen before we could. In that twilight, every black cloud we diſcerned, we flatter'd our ſelves was land, and here it was, we ſaid, and there it was. But when the Sun aroſe, we ſaw it no where, only we had a glimpſe of the Coaſt of *Norwey*; but it was at that diſtance, that we were not in any capacity to reach it, but with our deſires.

Truly when I roſe up and took a view of the Sea, and the place where I was, I was ſtruck down again with amazement to ſee ſo many hundreds of Rocks round about us, lying for the moſt part under water, which the Sea-men call *Breakers*, becauſe they break the Sea, and turn it into feathers. It was a great providence of God, that we ſhould in the night with full ſails

ſails paſs by all theſe rocks, (the leaſt touch againſt them had been as mortal to us as our ſins) and then to come to the great Rock, which was as a Church above water. I am ſure it was an *Aſylum* to us. The Countrey-people deſervedly call it *Arn-Scare*. It was the ſame hand again of Gods providence, that our ſhip ſhould be carried with a full ſtrong wind into the cleft and open part of the rock, which was as a boſom to receive us: had we touch'd upon any other part, we had been utterly loſt in the twinkling of an eye. *They that go down to the Sea in ſhips, and occupy their buſineſs in great waters, Theſe ſee the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.* The Wonders of his Deliverances, as well as the Miracles of his Creation: neither are the Creatures more to be admired Pſal. 107.

mired then his Mercies. There is as much wonder and variety
Pſa. 107. 8. in theſe as in the other. *Oh that we would therefore praiſe God for his goodneſs, and the wonders he doth for the children of men.*

But now again were we loſt in the eye of man : all our hope was, that a ſhip might paſs by to relieve us, which in my judgement was vanity of thoughts : for if a ſhip ſhould by accident come by us in the day-time, they ſeeing the Rocks would be afraid to come at us ; had it come in the night, it had certainly periſhed, as ours did. And yet we did *hope* even *againſt hope.* But having ſpent all that day, with ſore eyes, in expectation of an imaginary deliverance, in looking for a ſhip (or rather caſtle in the air) and ſeeing nothing come toward us, we began to deſpair, having now no kind of

of ſuſtenance to feed on, nor ſcarce clothes to keep us warm; ſo we again crept into an hole of the Rock, and lodged there, rather then reſted, the ſecond night.

In the morning we aroſe, before the Sun, and ſtill we were looking for that which came not: and now we began to be an hungry; and ſome of our company went ſearching about the Rock, wiſhing (I ſuppoſe) thoſe ſtones were turned into bread. One of the Sea-boyes brought me a leaf of Scurvy-graſs, which I told him was *ſauce rather then meat*. Some of us went a fiſhing, but with no other Angle then a long arm, nor no other hook then a bent finger. They put their Arms into the Sea as far as they could, and drew up ſome ſmall Muſcles, which they eat heartily. I be-

gan to be very ſick in a feveriſh diſtemper, and ſo had no ſtomach, which I think is a benefit when we have no meat to eat. But I did burn with thirſt, ſo that I would have given all that I had for a draught of freſh water. God oftentimes makes us know the worth of his creatures by the want of them: nothing ſo mean in our eſteem as a little water, we ſpill it every where upon the ground, and we look not after it any more; yet at this time a drop of cold water had been more welcome to me then the gold of *Ophir*, and in my eſteem a better creature. I went into the higheſt place of the rock, thinking the water (that ſtood every where in holes) might be freſheſt there: but I found it ſalt; ſo I perceive in ſome ſtorm it bounded thither from the Sea. Though it

was

was ſalt, yet it was water, and therefore (like one of thoſe that were choſen to fight againſt *Midian*) I lapped it with my hand to my mouth till I quench'd my thirſt. But it came up again as faſt as it went down, and brought a greater drought with it: and this I did very often, which I am perſwaded was both my preſent cure, and future preſervation of my health, as a learned Dr. H Phyſitian told me ſince.

And now between ten and eleven of the Clock we ſaw a ſhip coming toward us with full ſails, which lifted up all our hearts with joy, gilded over our countenances with cheerfulneſs, and ſo painted our faces with gladneſs that we ſeemed to be new creatures. The ſhip came neerer and neerer, and then we went all of us to the top of the rock, and waved our hats to

ſhew our ſelves to the men of the ſhip. But I know not the cauſe, but they never came at us, neither did they ſend out their boat to know what we were, or our condition. Whether this unkindneſs proceeded from the fear of our dangerous rocks, or from their own more ſtony hearts, harder then the rock we lay upon, I cannot ſay; but it put us out of charity with them, as they ſeemed to be with us. He was a *Dane*, of the ſame Country with our former kind loving Maſter; ſo that I perceive there may be ſeveral diſpoſitions under the ſame Climate, and one womb may bring forth twins of ſeveral natures: one was as ſmooth to us as *Jacob*, the other rough as *Eſau*. When we ſaw the ſhip paſs quite from us, our hearts began to fail, and our countenances changed into their former

mer paleneſs. How ſoon was our fair Morning clouded over, and our beautiful hopes turn'd into deformity and black deſpair? to teach us that man's happineſs is but for a moment, and the joy of this world but a ſpan long. And now we were all loſt, even in our own eyes; our condition, being ready to famiſh, would not give us time to expect another ſhip, neither had we now faith enough to believe, ſhould there come one by chance, that the Mariners would venture their own lives to ſave ours.

So we betook our ſelves to our old remedy, φάρμακον καθολικὸν, *our prayers.* The *Danes* (I confeſs) firſt began their devotions, having ſung one of *Luther*'s Pſalms, fell to their prayers; and then we ſung one of our own Pſalms, and as long as I was able to ſpeak, I prayed with the

the company; and after ſome Exhortation to my fellow-ſufferers, being very weak, I laid my ſelf down upon the rock, thinking I ſhould riſe no more in this world.

M. B. But I overheard one of the Sea-men (the ſame that firſt leapt upon the rock) ſay, *Let us make a Raft, and venture to Sea, I had rather be drown'd, then lie here and be ſtarv'd.* They all preſently concluded to follow that deſign, though it was full of danger. But, you know, a ſinking man will take hold of a bull-ruſh, and one that is ready to periſh will catch at a feather. All things fell out to further this deſign: for the water had now faln from the rock, and left on the ſide of it the Bottom of the Ship, the Anchors, the Maſt, the Sails lying on the Rock like linen upon an hedge. In a ſhort time

time they break a Maſt in pieces, untwiſted a Cable, made ſmall Cords, tied four or five Boards to the broken Maſt, put up the ſmall end of the Miſſen-maſt, cut out a ſmall Sail, with ſome ſlight Stern they had made, and ſo ventur'd to Sea on theſe ruines. God oftentimes ſaves by weak means, and preſerves us by improbabilities. There were four on this Raft, two *Danes*, and two *Engliſh*; I do not remember whether it was by lot, or voluntary election.

It was now a great calm, ſuch a calm I conceive as was upon the Sea of *Galilee* when our Saviour rebuked the Sea and the Winds. It blew onely a ſmall breath, which was our advantage, for it directly carried them toward that place we conceived the Coaſt lay. It was the miraculous goodneſs of God, that after Mat. 8.

ter the loſs of two great Ships, he ſhould ſave us by a ſwimming Plank: for this Raft paſt through, and got clear of all the Breakers: had it touch'd onely on them, they would have rent the Raft in pieces, as *Sampſon* did the Wreath when the *Philiſtines* were upon him; but they paſs'd by them all, and we that were upon the Rock followed them with our eyes as long as we could ſee, or rather as long as they could be ſeen: for our life was wrapt up in theirs, and the hope of our deliverance had no other foundation but their ſafety.

And now I may ſay, God ſtretched forth his hand as Chriſt did to S. *Peter* when he was ready to ſink, and ſaved theſe men, and brought them to ſhore; which yet we were ignorant of, and ſo pull'd in pieces between

two

two ſeveral paſſions, Hope and Fear, and both of them equally troubleſome; as we ſee in an Ague, which hath two ſeveral operations, contrary in themſelves as Hot and Cold, yet both of them alike afflictive. Our Hope being with that violence of paſſion, was as wounding to our affections as our Fear.

But theſe fits were ſoon over, for before night we ſpi'd ſeveral Shawls rowing toward us, which gave us a certain knowledge of the ſafety of our men, and a promiſe of our own deliverance: they brought with them proviſion; but we were more greedy of the ſhore then our meat, and therefore we made haſte into the Boats, and by Gods goodneſſe unto us, we came all of us once more to land.

The place that we arrived at was an Iſland in *Norwey*, call'd by

by the people *Waller Iſland*; ſo mean and inconſiderable, that *Ortelius* takes no notice of it in his Maps, for I have ſearch'd with better eyes then mine own, I mean more knowing in Geography, and could not find it. A place it ſeems not worthy to be remembred, but I am ſure never to be forgotten by us. Though it was a Wilderneſs in its own nature, yet it was a Paradiſe to us.

My Lord of *E.* Dr. *H.*

There was but one houſe where we landed, and that was the Parſon's, an honeſt *Lutheran*, who had many in his family. *They ſhewed us*, as S. *Paul* ſays, *no little kindneſs*; the language they ſpake was *Noſs*. But I think it is not much unlike *Dutch*, for we that ſpake *Dutch* did partly underſtand them, and they us, and yet two ſeveral kindes of ſpeech. I ſuppoſe there is the ſame

Acts 28. 2.

ſame difference between theſe two languages, as there is between a Lobſter and a Creiſiſh, (which both are in plenty there) for though they both are alike, yet they are two ſeveral *Species*.

We made a ſhift to tell the ſad Iliads of our misfortune to the people of the houſe, and they made a ſhift to underſtand us, for they wept moſt bitterly at our relation; ſo that one would have thought that they had ſuffered Shipwrack, and not we. Which ſhew'd the goodneſs and tenderneſs of their nature, which are *principia gratiæ*, the very *beginnings of grace*; or elſe I may ſafely ſay, they are *the firſt diſpoſitions*, or, at leaſt, *capacities of grace*.

They ſet before us what meat they had; and the Mariners fell to it ſo heartily, as if they would have repaired all they loſt before

fore by their long faſting at one meal. Their ordinary Bread was Rye-Pancakes, but their Beer very ſtrong. I thought of that Engliſh Proverb, *A Cup of good Beer is Meat, Drink, and Clothing.* Sure theſe people thought ſo; for though at that cold ſeaſon ſome of the people had no ſtockins nor ſhooes to their feet, yet they kept their Underſtanding warm, and their mouths well lin'd with *Lubeck* beer.

I loſt my ſtomach, not with eating, but long faſting, and ſo went ſick to Bed; in the morning I found my ſelf well, I praiſe God. And we began now to examine our ſelves, and one another, what Moneys our double Shipwrack had left us; all that we had we freely laid down: but there was an *Ananias* amongſt us, who, we ſuſpected, would conceal ſome part; and there-

therefore we ſearch'd him, and found no leſſe then four and twenty Pieces of Eight, which certainly this man ſtole out of our Bags when we were in the Boat, after our firſt Shipwrack, at that preſent time when we expected every moment we ſhould be caſt away. Did this man think that S. *Peter* would not let him into Heaven without his *Peters* pence? or that he ſhould go the other way, and muſt pay *Charon naulum ſuum?* It was a ſad thing for a man to ſteal *in articulo mortis, at the point of death:* But it was well for us; for we loſt all our Moneys in the ſecond Shipwrack, but what this man ſtole from us. There are ſome Divines that ſay, Sin is committed *ordinante Deo*; but the Ancients are wont to ſay, *Deo permittente*, which is a more modeſt and civil expreſſion. I will

not diſpute the queſtion here: but I believe, if God did ever ordain Sin, it was in this man's ſtealing; for this Money was our relief in our neceſſitous condition.

We ſtaid in this Iſland till Sunday: in the morning we went to hear our Landlord preach; after Sermon he gave us *Cœna dubia, a doubtful meale*, full of variety, in one Diſh, as Beef, Mutton, Lard, Goat, Roots, and ſo many of God's Creatures, that it ſeem'd to me to be the firſt Chapter of *Geneſis* in a Diſh: but ſo confounded, that the beſt palate could not read what he eat, nor by his taſte know and diſtinguiſh the Creatures. Though God hath given all his Creatures for the uſe of man, ſo that we may doe what we pleaſe with them: yet I think it is not handſome with our grand *Meſſe's* and

Ollapo-

Ollapodrida's to confound and undo the Creation, cook it into a new Chaos, and ſauce God's Creatures out of our knowledge. I love to know what I eat, that I may praiſe God for the variety of his Bleſſings. But truly I do not blame the people of this place; for I think it is not Curioſity here, but Cuſtom, and good Huſbandry, rather then Luxurioufneſs, who boile all together, to ſave charges.

After much thanks, and a little money, we parted with this good old Prieſt; and I having purchas'd an old pair of Shoes at the price of a new, we travelled on foot to *Fredericſtat*, a City in *Norwey* by the Coaſt ſide, and were very kindly entertain'd by the Burgo-maſter. The chief of his diſcourſe to me was in commendation of the late Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, whom

he call'd *Excellentiſſimum Dominum*. I wonder how he came to know him. But ſure, thought I, if he be thus charitable to ſpeak well of the Dead, who could not hear him, he will be bountiful to the Living, who are ready to thank him even before-hand. And truly he was very kind to us, for he commanded ſome of the City to entertain us civilly, and provided us Ships both for *Holland* and *England*, with the promiſe of ſome Proviſion at his own charge.

I remember how the People ran after us in the ſtreets; and what their Compaſſionate Eye ſaw we wanted, their Charitable Hand was ready to give without asking. A good old man beſtowed on me an excellent pair of Mittens, which I brought into *England*. We found much civility

civility every where : though the Country is all rocky, yet the Peoples hearts are tender ; God made them *è meliore luto, out of a better ſoil* then their own Country.

But to make haſt out of my Story, as well as out of *Norwey* ; We went away from *Fredericſtat* 3 or 4 miles to *Oſterſound*, the Haven where our Ships lay, having laid into the Ship, that was bound for *England*, ſome ſmall Proviſion, as much as our Stock could pay for, yet not ſo much as our Neceſſity required : for had not God bleſſed us with a favourable wind, we certainly had wanted much. But we, with all that was left us, which was now nothing but our ſelves, entred into the Ship in the evening. In the morning, before we went out, there came a ſhip from *Lyn* in *Norfolk*, ſtruck againſt

our harbour, which was naturally wall'd about with rocks, and ſo periſhed immediately. This was a ſad Omen, and it ſeem'd to me as a Prologue to a new Tragedy.

We had not been above two or three hours at Sea, but there was a ſad diſtraction amongſt us in the Ship, and the Mariners crying again for *Mercy*, *Mercy*: For we had almoſt fell foul on a Rock, which lay ſo cunningly in the Water, that we did not ſpy it till we were upon it: but by the goodneſs of God we ſail'd cloſe by it, and eſcap'd it; the leaſt touch of it had been our ruine. Thus God oftentimes doth bring his Children as neer the mouth of danger as may be, but he lets them not fall therein, that they may both fear and praiſe his Name.

About noon we came clear off all

all the rocks on the Coaſt of *Norwey*, and were ſailing for *England* with a fair gale of wind. But in this Proſperity another ſad Accident befell us: This third Ship ſprang a leak, a new one I cannot ſay, but rather repeated an old one, and ſo our Ship began to ſwim within as well as without; and we had no way to relieve our ſelves (for the Leak could not be found) but by pumping; which we did day and night, and ſo took revenge of the Sea, by ſpitting that Water back again in its Face, as faſt as it came into our Ship. But now again we were in a ſad and deplorable condition, being in danger to be drown'd from the Spring that roſe within us, and to ſuffer an Inteſtine Shipwrack, which, like a Civil War, is moſt dangerous. We had our life now at our fingers ends; and if we

had not lifted up our hands to pump, as *Moſes* did to pray, theſe *Amalekites* had prevail'd; I mean, theſe mercileſs Waves had overcome us. Good God! in what, and how many ſtreights haſt thou brought us? Our ſins are many, as the waves of the Sea; and ſo haſt thou, O Lord, made our puniſhments.

For now we were, as I conceive, in a worſe condition then ever before: for though our Dangers were great, or rather greater, yet they came upon us ſo on a ſudden, that we underſtood them not. That Danger is leſs afflictive which we leſs underſtand; and that Miſery we apprehend not is none at all, or at leaſt none of our own. But now we ſee death before our eyes, and are in expectation to periſh every moment; ſo
1 Cor. 15. that we may ſay, with S. *Paul*, *We die daily.* We were in the condition

dition of him that ſees himſelf bleed to death. In our former Dangers we had like to periſh ſuddenly, which had been leſſe penal to our affections: we were now to dye at leiſure, and to be drown'd with premeditation; which is more afflictive to our Thoughts, though a leſs puniſhment for our Sins. *Melius eſt perire ſemel, quàm timere ſemper:* the fear of Death is more dreadful then Death it ſelf; and it is better once to dye, then to be always dying.

With theſe fears about us, and black apprehenſions, we ſail'd on ſtill with a fair wind; and after four or five days and nights ſail, ſo it pleaſed God, we came in the view of the Engliſh Coaſt on *Norfolk* ſide, neer *Winterton*; where we ſaw the ruines of a Shipwrack, and the Countrey people enriching themſelves with the

the losses of other men, the worst way of getting in the world. This was the Epilogue to our Tragedy, yet we had one Scene of sorrow more: For when we came neer *Yarmouth* road, on our left hand lay the Shingles, on our right the Shore; and we could not agree amongst our selves on which side we should go. Our two Masters and two Pilots (for so many we had in one Ship) like four winds blew contrary ways. In this contest they made a fearful noise and quarrel; their language was as foul as the weather, and as high as the wind, and brought us in as great danger (as our own Master told me) as ever.

I think Monarchy is the best Government in a Ship, as well as in the State. Many Pilots with their over-wisedomnesse are oftentimes the ruine both of

of themſelves and their Veſſel.

At length we did agree, & ordered one of our own company (a *Shotley* man) who beſt knew the Coaſt, to ſit at Stern: But this crazy and ill-built Ship, though ſhe was ſteered one way, flew another, as if all things had conſpired to our ruine. We reſolv'd to ſail by the ſhore ſide, that in caſe our Ship ſhould miſcarry, we might ſwim to land. Theſe were but ſad hopes: But it pleaſed God, we came ſafe into *Yarmouth* road; and having caſt our Anchor, thought our ſelves ſecure. But our Anchor came home to us again; and the wind, which was very high, had like to have driven us on a Scotch-man. They cry'd out, and ſo did we; for they could not be more afraid of us then we were of our ſelves; for had we boarded them, we certainly had

endangered

endangered both our Ships. But that God that had begun and gone along with us in ſuch viſible characters of his extraordinary mercy, would not now leave us at the laſt, but did perfect our deliverance: For our Anchor held, and we rode very ſecure that night. The next morning we hung out a Weaf, and there came four Men in a Shallop from *Yarmouth*, and demanded no leſs then thirty ſhillings to carry me, a ſingle perſon, to ſhore, when our whole Stock was but two Pieces of Eight. Though I did long for land, yet I could not purchaſe it at ſuch a rate: But at length they were content to take leſs, becauſe they could get no more; and took ſomething, rather then to turn back with nothing.

But they had no ſooner got me in the Boat, but they row'd me

me up and down, to weigh Anchors; for there had been a great Storm the night before, and many Ships had broke their Cables, and were driven away by the Tempeſt. They tryed at ſeveral Anchors, not without great danger, as I conceived; but finding themſelves not ſtrong enough, they at length brought me to the Shore, which was no landing place: but four men, which ſtood waiting for us on the Shore, ran into the Sea up to the middles, laid hands on our Boat, and ſo ran it on the Sands, and tumbled us over and over; ſo that I cannot ſay whether I ſet my head or foot firſt on the ſhore. After this manner ſure *Jonah* was caſt upon dry land, when the Whale vomited him up; I ſuppoſe that great Leviathan did not caſt him upon his legs: But a man that had made

ſuch

ſuch a trade of ſuffering at Sea as we did, and after ſo long aſucceſſion of evils, would be glad to be caſt on dry land in any poſture.

From the ſhore I went into *Yarmouth* Town, with a company of people following at my heels, wondring at me, as if I had been ſome ſtrange Creature come out of *America*, though they knew none of my ſufferings, but ſaw me in a ſad, ragged, weather-beaten condition. I preſently got into an Inne, to hide my ſelf from the wonder of the People, and from the trouble of their impertinent queſtions; but chiefly, that I might praiſe God in private for his great and many deliverances. I cannot chuſe but tell you ſo much, leſt I ſhould ſeem ingrateful to my gracious God: but I will ſay no more, leſt I may ſeem vain-glorious to my Friend.

There-

Therefore I will conceal from you my particular devotions: *Non eſt religio ubi omnia patent*, I learn'd it from the door of a Capuchin's Convent.

The Sign of the Inne was the Arms of *Tarmouth*; the Man, I ſuppoſe the Hoſt of the houſe, was as kind to me as S. *Paul*'s Hoſt *Gaius* was to him. And here I muſt not forget the kindneſs of a true Friend indeed, a good Samaritan, who had compaſſion on me, bound up my Wounds, pouring in Oyl and Wine, and ſet me on his own Beaſt, brought me to his own Houſe, and had a care of me; and, which I took moſt kindly, he beſtowed on my ſufferings *Nazianzen*'s charity, a tear of compaſſion [*Si nihil habes, da lacrumulam,*] God, I hope, will return this kindneſſe to him, in bleſſings upon him, and his dear Wife

Tho. Leman Eſq. of *Wenbeſton* in *Suffolk*.

Orat. 16.

Wife and Children. By the kindneſs of this Gentleman I was recruited with all manner of comforts; and now behold another Shipwrack, not of my goods, but good name. Some there were, when they heard of the Monſter of my ſufferings, were affrighted out of their Wits, I ſuppoſe, as well as out of their Charity, and concluded I was a Malignant. Thus God is pleas'd to aſſimilate my ſufferings to St. *Paul's* in ſome meaſure (the latchet of whoſe ſhooe I am not worthy to untie) who when he
Acts 28. had eſcaped the danger of the Sea, was ſtung by a Viper as ſoon as he came to Shore. Suppoſe I ſhould ſay I do ſerve my God that way which the World calls Malignancy, am I ſuch an one, becauſe the People ſay it? or was S. *Paul* an Heretick, becauſe the World thought him ſo?

ſo? I do not care what the Many ſay of me, *Bellua multorum capitum, a Beaſt of many heads, ſed nullius ingenii, but of no underſtanding.* Thus the People cenſur'd *John* the Baptiſt, the Morning-ſtar of the Goſpel; and likewiſe our Bleſſed Saviour himſelf, that Glorious Sun of Righteouſneſs, or as S. *Luke* calls him, *the Day that ſprings from on high*; although their deportment in the World was different, walking under ſeveral Schemes, and living after ſeveral and contrary Faſhions. For, *John the Baptiſt came neither eating bread, nor drinking wine, and ye ſay, He hath a Devil. The Son of Man is come eating and drinking, and ye ſay, Behold a gluttonous man, and a wine-bibber, and a friend of Publicans and Sinners:* Thus the People are never pleas'd, neither full nor faſting. Neither the au-

Luke 2.

Luke 7. 33.

ſterity of S. *John*'s life, nor the ſweetneſs and familiarity of our Saviour's converſation could content the People.

But you are a knowing Perſon, and one whoſe good opinion I eſteem; I have therefore, here encloſed, ſent you better words of me, drawn by the Company of *Dantzick*, and ſent to the Eaſt-land Company here in *London*, for whoſe ſake I have ſuffered theſe adverſe things, and am content to run them over again to do them ſervice; ſuch an affection I do and ſhall ever bear to their ſociety.

Thus I have given your earneſt requeſt the ſad ſtory of my ſuffering in my Eaſt-land voyage. What I have related my unhappy experience hath found it too true; yet I cannot tell you all, for there were many dangers which I underſtood not. It was my

my chance, a year after our arrival in *England*, to meet with one of my fellow-ſufferers (the ſame man that drew me out of the Sea:) he preſently began to repeat our ſhipwracks (for men that have ſuffered together love to talk of their dangers paſt, and bemoan one another) he made mention of ſeveral ſtreights, extremities, dangers, deaths that we were in, which I do not remember; ſo that from his mouth this Story ſeem'd to be ſo prodigious a Romance, that few but thoſe that felt it would believe. But I have not told you, in this relation, what others ſay, but what I my ſelf have ſuffered; and though I was loth to begin, I am now as unwilling to make an end ---*Omnibus hoc vitium*--- And therefore I ſhall tell you what further adverſity I have ſuffer'd by this barbarous *M. B.*

Element of Water.

I will not tell you of my venture over the Bars in foul weather to the *Min* at *Dantzick* in the Baltick Seas, for that it may be was our fear, and not danger, neither will I ſpeak of my paſſage from *Groningen* to *Amſterdam*, when our ſhip ſtruck againſt the ſands; for there was danger and no fear; for the ſhip got off as ſoon as we knew it was on. But I will acquaint you with what happened to me upon the River *Loire* in *France*, at *Orleans*.

I was adviſed by a French Gentleman, that had formerly travell'd with my Noble Lord the preſent Earl of *Weſtmerland*, * not to ſhoot the Bridge at *Bogency*; for the bridge is made, not with a direct line over the river, but ſomething obliquely, and ſo oftentimes dangerous

* Who's Brother Mr. *Robert Fane* was in our company.

gerous to paſſengers. When we came neer the Bridge, I would have bribed the Batelier with a *quart d' Eſcu*, to have ſet my ſelf and two of my company aſhore this ſide the bridge, and to have taken us in on the other ſide. But the reſt of the Company were unwilling to be hinder'd in their paſſage, and we were almoſt as contented to venture. But this thin Deal-boat (which boats are made on purpoſe to ſwim down the River to *Nants*, and return no more) came with a ſwift ſtream toward a corner of one of the Arches of the Bridge, which the Batelier ſeeing, cry'd, *Nous ſommes perdus, we are all loſt.* He did ſtrive by putting his Rudder againſt the bridge to keep off the Blow, but brought it upon himſelf; for it beat him all along, and ſtruck off one board of our boat, that we

ſwam almoſt equal with the ſtream, and the water look'd in upon us: one touch more would have daſh'd our boat in pieces, and ſo we had been all drown'd in whole-ſale; for there was no ſwimming out of a croud, when our arms were pinion'd together with ſitting cloſe to one another. But by the goodneſs of God we got through the Arch, and came ſafe to ſhore.

There came preſently to me two Cordelier Friers, which were our fellow-paſſengers: the one bade me *thank him, for he made the biggeſt Croſs*; the other told me *I muſt thank him, for he prayed unto the Bleſſed Virgin for us*. I doe remember, indeed, when we were in our greateſt danger, theſe Friers being ſtruck with fear (which oftentimes kills before death) fell down in the midſt of the boat; one of them meaſur'd

measur'd himself with his finger, or, as he saith, cross'd himself; the other pull'd out a small Image, I suppose of wood, about the bigness of my great toe, and it seem'd to me not much unlike. To this he whisper'd something, which I believe it did not hear, no more then we. I thanked them both, one for his civil ignorance, and the other for his religious folly. I confess, in so sad and serious a matter as drowning, I doe not love such puppet piety, such mechanick and handicraft devotion; my thanks must be addressed to God, the author and fountain of our deliverance, after a more spiritual manner.

After this, the same year, it was my business to return into *England*. I came to *Calais* the day after the Pacquet-boat was gone: being weary of a charge-

able Town, and burning with a desire of seeing my own Country again, having taken advice by a Merchant, I ventur'd to Sea in a Shallop, which the tide before came from *Dover*, and brought three Almains safe to *Calais* without any danger. The example of their safe arrival was a sufficient argument to perswade me to venture from thence to *Dover*. So at four of the clock in the morning with the tide we went to Sea; but had not gone half a league, but there arose a great and mighty wind, which did blow, not only our Candle, but our Lanthorn out, I mean out of the boat, so that we were fain to let our boat drive till it was day-light.

I offered the Sea-men their fare to carry us back again to *Calais*, which they did endeavour, but could not, the wind was

was ſo ſtrong; yet as fair a wind as could blow out of the ſky to carry us to *Dover*; but we had too much of it. The ſurfet of good things is as great an evil as the want of them, and a man may be too well ſometimes. How did *Neptune* play at Tennis with us poor mortals, and how like Balls were we bandied up and down by his furious waves? Sometimes, as the Pſalmiſt ſaies, *they mounted us up to heaven*, as if they would have ſhewn us *Lazarus* in the boſome of *Abraham*. Sometimes they carri'd us *down in the deep*, as if we had been ſent with more then a drop of water to cool the tongue of *Dives*. By and by there aroſe a great wind, which with the firſt blaſt ſplit our ſail in pieces; ſo that we were forc'd to uſe our great ſail, which was too big for the wind, as the wind was for it,

and

and therefore we made uſe but of one half; the other lying on the ſide of the boat made it run ſo much on that ſide, that I expected every moment it ſhould topple over. We could not go backward, and we were afraid to go forward. I laid my ſelf down in the boat from the view of theſe threatning waves (as a dying man is not willing to look the Executioner in the face) expecting every moment to be ſwallow'd by thoſe roaring Lyons of the Sea, who came upon us with open mouths, ready to devour us. But God ſtopped the mouths of thoſe Lyons, that they ſhould not hurt us; and our ſmall Veſſel rode in ſafety and triumph upon the head of the proudeſt wave. We could not ſay to the Pilot, as the Emperour did, *Cæſarem vehis &c.*— but there was in our boat a noble

ble Gentleman, both by birth and vertue (the beſt and trueſt nobility) and likewiſe another civil perſon. Theſe Gentlemen had ſo much worth and merit in them, that they ſhould not need fear the threatning of an inſolent wave, but might boldly ſay unto the Sea, *Sea do thy worſt.* But I'le rather impute all to the goodneſs of God, in whoſe hands we were, and therefore could not miſcarry.

By and by a wave took us up, and ſhew'd us *England.* But it was with us as it was with *Moſes*, we might from this watry *Piſgah*, and mountain of the Sea, behold the Land with our eyes, which yet we muſt not reach with our feet. One of theſe Gentlemen call'd to me to riſe, ſaying I might ſee *Dover* Caſtle: but I thought it of no concernment to me, and therefore lay ſtill, but wiſh-

wiſhing that we were all Priſoners there; and ſo I ſaid, little thinking that within few days after I ſhould be apprehended and accuſed for taking *Dover* Caſtle, and kept ſome moneths a cloſe Priſoner in *Kent*. God knows I would have taken it with all my heart, but for a refuge only; not as a Souldier takes the fort of his enemy, but as a poor weather-beaten traveller takes the houſe of his friend as a ſhelter. The ſtorm continued ſtill, and the wind blew very high, which though it put us in great danger, yet being fair for us, blew us the ſooner out of it.

At *Weſtonhanger* my Lord *Strangfords* houſe which was then made a Priſon to ſecure the honeſt Gentlemen of that County.

For now we came near *Dover*, and therefore I deſir'd my friend to lie off my legs, for now I thought I ſhould have ſome uſe of them my ſelf; which he did, and I roſe up and ſaw a world of people ſtanding upon the Pere

at

at *Dover*, holding up their hands, not onely in admiration of our dangers, but in zeal and devotion for our deliverance. They directed us with their hands which way we had beſt enter into *Dover*, and ſo with a freſh gale of Gods mercy, as well as with a fair blaſt of wind, with full ſails, we, not without ſome danger in hitting the Pere, ran a-ſhore.

I muſt not omit one mercy more (which I forgot in my laſt) becauſe it is ſo neer of kin and allied to my deliverances at Sea, a pre-deliverance, a deliverance before hand, an antidate dmercy.

For after I had ſpent ſome time in *Pruſſia*, and had ſeen *Elbing*, *Koningsberg*, which is the Univerſity; the *Pillow*, which is both the key to the Country, and to the chief Revenue of the Marqueſs of *Brandenburg* in *Pruſſia*.

ſia. I return'd to *Dantzick* with a reſolution for *England*, having met with a fair opportunity as well as a wind; for there was one Captain *Sharper* of *New-Caſtle*, a Kings-man (as they call thoſe that love the King in that Country) this was argument enough both to confirm and haſten my reſolution.

This honeſt Captain being ready fraught and bound for *England*, I preſently went to him to ſpeak for my paſſage; he like a kinde man as well as a King's-man promiſed me paſſage *gratis*, the Engliſh Company at *Dantzick* underſtanding ſo much, the greater part of them came to me, and importun'd me to ſtay with them, and continue my preaching, with a promiſe to anſwer my pains with more then I could deſire or deſerve. This unexpected kindneſs and love, which

which is above the price of any reward upon earth ſoon melted me into a compliance with their deſires, and ſo without any contract I freely, as ſuddenly, without farther counſel, promiſed to ſtay with them. But God was in it, who inclines our hearts to thoſe ways which lead to our ſafety and felicity, though we do not for the preſent ſee the ſecrets of his love and wiſdom; for this good man, Captain *Sharper*, with all his company, ſome few days after they went to Sea, were caſt away neer the *Zound*, not a man eſcaped. Thus God ſometimes prevents his children from falling into evil, as

Amongſt them were my two loving Friends, Mr. *Randolph Price* eldeſt Son to Mr. *Price* of *Eſher*, a Gentleman of great hopes, taken away in the flower of his youth and vertue. I gave him the Holy and bleſſed Sacrament before he went to Sea, which he received with much devotion, which no doubt was a preſent and heavenly Cordial to himſelf; ſo I mention it as a dwelling and perpetual comfort to his ſtill weeping Friends. Captain *Vaughan* who accompanyed me in my firſt Voyage into the Eaſt-Country.

well

well as to deliver them when fallen, that they may enjoy the comforts of his mercy without the ſorrow of ſuffering.

To deliver his children when they are fallen into any calamity and trouble is an high and broad expreſſion of his love and kindneſs to them, yet there is ſome bitterneſſe in the evil, though there be ſweetneſs in the deliverance: but now, by his grace and goodneſs, to eſcape before we are taken, and to be delivered before we ſuffer, is a mercy we cannot hope for, a bleſſing we could not expect, and I am ſure cannot expreſs. It is like pure wine without the Allay of water, a lively picture, and true portraicture of the ſtate of the bleſſed in Heaven, who poſſeſſe fullneſs of joy without any mixture of ſorrow, and life without the ſhadow of death. I hope I

ſhall

ſhall never forget this great mercy; and it is the greater becauſe it was beſtowed upon one that had no title to it, but the free grace and goodneſs of God.

After theſe great and many dangers at Sea, and as many and great deliverances, I had thought once to tell you what happened to me on the ſhore,

Plus habet infeſtâ terra timoris aquâ.

But I will conceal them from my friends; for in this ſad Age every man hath ſorrow enough of his own, and is not at leiſure to conſider the ſad condition of another from bemoaning and pitying himſelf. I will therefore conclude, giving glory to God for his many mercies, and my thanks to you for giving me an opportunity to remember them.

I hope you will pardon my

plain language; Sorrow is dull, and black, and ſad ſtories ought not to be preſented in painted words and gaudy Expreſſions of Rhetorick. No man mourns in colour'd Taffaty. What is wanting in Allegories, you have in reality: Truth needs no Metaphors. You have a true relation of many ſad accidents and afflictions at Sea, by him who did undergo them, who is,

SIR,

Your moſt affectionate friend to ſerve you,

Will. Johnſon.

TO

TO

The Right Worſhipful the Governour, Aſſiſtants, and Fellowſhip of Eaſt-Land Merchants in *London.*

Right Worſhipful,

IN *Ours of the* 28th *of* Auguſt, *we gave you notice that in our deſtitute Condition, it pleaſed God by his ſingular Providence to ſupply our ſpiritual wants by the Miniſtry of* Mr. William Johnſon, *an a-*

ble and pious Divine. But he being now called home, by a Charge fallen unto him, We cannot ſuffer him to paſs without this deſerved Teſtimony: That, for his Perſon, he hath been amongſt us grave, retired, Learned; in his life, without blame or ſcandal; in his ſtudies, laborious; in his preaching, both Orthodox and powerful: So that truly, in regard of the ſingular fruition of his Labours paſt, and conſidering our deſolate enſuing Condition, We cannot but mourn at his departure. Yet hath he left us this Comfort behind him, That the preſent diſtractions at home may be a motive

tive to diſpoſe of his living there, and to return to us again in the Spring, if it pleaſe God that he be thereunto lawfully choſen and called. Unto us he is a man without Exception, which we teſtifie by this our general Subſcription. It may pleaſe you therefore, and it is our ſerious and earneſt requeſt, that, if his Occaſions will ſuit with our deſires, you will hear him preach, and by an undoubted Election return him back again with all ſpeed. And this will be an actual prayer to implore Divine mercy, and to turn curſes into bleſſings. We ſay no more, but

the Lord be your Protector and Director.

Dantzig, Jan. 1. 1648. Your Worſhips in full aſſurance to command,

Will. Gore.
Rich. Jenks.
Sam. Travell.
Robert Searles.
Ed. Weſtcomb.
Sam. Short.
John Collins.
Rich. Wallis.
Will. Williamſon.
Will. Shires.
Ja. Hutchinſon.
Jo. Coozin.
Rich. Waynde.
Ambroſe Griggs.
Geo. Hackett.
Fran. Sanderſon.
Amb. Medcalfe.
And. Taylor.
Ed. Daniel.
Joſ. Oley.
Nic. Mitchel.
Tho. Clench.
Tho. Dawſon.
Will. Lockwood.
Jo. Whitehall.
Jo. Pearce.

The

The Name of the SHIP,
The *William* and *John* of
IPSWICH.

The Chief Owners
Were { *William Blithe* and *John Smythier*,
both Merchants in *Ipſwich.*

From whom the Ship had the Name; the latter of theſe my worthy Friend and yet alive.

The Names of thoſe that ſuffered in the Ship-wrecks were

Daniel Morgan, Maſter.
Edmund Morgan, Mate.
Robert Lakeland, Mate.
Matthew Bird, Boat-ſwain.
Taylor, Carpenter.

John

John Holmes
Rob. Lawrence
Will. Engliſh
Tho. Crofferd
} Mariners.

Two Boyes.

James Tillet, Merchant.

And others, whoſe Names I cannot remember; moſt of theſe are alive, and can teſtifie theſe ſad things, and ſome are faln aſleep.

FINIS.